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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

- Price Control Works 463
Hull and Italy 464
Return from Mexico *by J. Alvarez del Vayo* 465

ARTICLES

- MacArthur's Political Foray *by I. F. Stone* 466
25 Years Ago in *The Nation* 467
Masquerade in Budapest *by Robert Parker* 468
Votes for Negroes? *by Stanley H. Lowell* 470
In the Wind 472

POLITICAL WAR

- India's Would-be Quisling *by John W. Gerber* 473
Behind the Enemy Lines *by Argus* 474

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- The Time of the Assassins *by Louise Bogan* 475
Anatole France: 1844-1944 *by Albert Guérard* 478
Man Against Market *by Keith Hutchison* 480
The Web of Words *by George Genzmer* 484
Of Art and Morals *by Babette Deutsch* 486
Islands and Mandates *by C. Hartley Grattan* 488
M. Maritain's Aesthetics *by Eliseo Vivas* 488
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 490
Drama *by Margaret Marshall* 494
Art *by Clement Greenberg* 495
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 496

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The Shape of Things

IN THE PAST WEEK THE RED ARMY HAS cleared southern Russia of the enemy in a series of unparalleled victories. Unexpectedly, the Germans made no effort to hold Odessa, although, as the Russians showed in 1941, the city is well located for a stubborn defense. They apparently succeeded, however, in evacuating a considerable part of its garrison. The Nazi forces in the Crimea were less fortunate. Their long respite since the Red Army's advance bottled them up in this peninsula last November had, perhaps, made them overconfident. At any rate they were staggered when two Soviet armies struck simultaneously from the north and the east and their retreat became a rout in which a huge number of prisoners fell into Russian hands. When these victories are consolidated the Red Army will be in position to carry the war into the heart of Rumania. The Ploesti oilfields, now some 170 miles behind the front, are a natural objective which, it must be assumed, the Germans will defend desperately since they are the source of one-third or more of their petroleum supplies. In the West, preparations for "D-day" continue and there have been suggestions that it may not be far in the future. One significant development is the increased attention which Allied bombers are giving to the German airfields and the railroads leading to the invasion coast. These facilities must be largely put out of commission before General Eisenhower's forces can cross the Channel, and the job requires a huge tonnage of bombs since there are hundreds of Nazi air bases as well as a very complex communications system to be dealt with. Progress is being made, however, and the scale of the Anglo-American air offensive is ever increasing.

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THE INAUGURATION OF A TOUGH POLICY toward neutral nations that are in any sense assisting the Axis was announced by Mr. Hull in his latest speech. Hitherto, he said, the power of the United Nations to influence neutral behavior had been limited. While we were moving from relative weakness to strength we could remind them that their very existence depended on a democratic victory; we could not ask them to expose themselves to certain destruction. But now that victory is assured, we have, the Secretary of State asserted, the right and duty to insist that the few countries

fortunate enough to be at peace do not prolong the conflict by giving material aid to the enemy or by affording facilities for his spies and propaganda agents. Chief among the countries referred to are Spain, Argentina, Portugal, Eire, Turkey, and Sweden. We do not need to remind our readers that the first two of these have been consistently "neutral against us," and that even now, when their hopes of an Axis victory are fast fading, they are throwing as much sand into the machinery of the United Nations as they dare. For geographical reasons Argentina's aid to Germany may be chiefly ideological; Spain, in addition, affords it invaluable minerals and harbors innumerable spies, including a nest at Tangier that Britain is particularly anxious to clean up. We shall, however, get little response from Spain unless we are prepared to follow tough talk with rough action. A good start might be made by recalling our Ambassador to Madrid, Carlton Hayes, who seems far too anxious to shield Franco from the facts of life.

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THE REFUSAL OF THE ALLIED AUTHORITIES to lift a hand to prevent the forced retirement of their protégé, General Giraud, is the most convincing sign so far that their policy toward General De Gaulle and the Committee of National Liberation has been modified if not reversed. Mr. Hull's promise that the United States would permit the committee to exercise administrative functions in France under the supervision of General Eisenhower left open several convenient loopholes. One of them was his explicit refusal to recognize the De Gaulle committee even as a provisional government. In the light of Mr. Roosevelt's comment—made two days earlier but after he had seen the Hull statement—that nobody knew what sort of government the French people wanted, this refusal was obviously intended to leave Eisenhower the option of dealing with other political forces if he saw fit. This loophole still remains open. But events of the past week indicate that De Gaulle will at least be given a chance to develop his policies and build his government without the constant interference he has suffered until now. General Giraud has been counted out by his erstwhile backers, and no new contender has been pushed into the ring. An Associated Press dispatch from London reports that an agreement between Britain and the United States, "now in the final stages of negotiation," empowers General Eisenhower to deal with the Committee of National Liberation as civil administrators of France and rules out all relations with Vichy, but specifically provides that the Commander-in-Chief shall be "free to deal separately with any resistance group which is disinclined to associate itself with De Gaulle." This seems to indicate the degree to which the Allies have shifted their position. Still more reassuring would be confirmation of a CBS report that Eisenhower has invited De Gaulle to London to discuss invasion problems.

WILLKIE'S DEATH AS A PRESIDENTIAL aspirant does not leave him entirely without influence for he has yet to make a will. With several would-be heirs hopefully eyeing his political estate he can afford to sit back for a while and observe their behavior. Stassen, perhaps, would be the most logical legatee, but there is a good deal of evidence that Willkie is resentful about the Minnesotan's entry into the Wisconsin contest. Moreover, while Stassen's followers insist that they are not climbing on anybody's band-wagon, there is a natural suspicion that they might eventually be willing to make a deal on the basis of the second place for their man. A Dewey-Stassen ticket would have that nice balance which appeals to the professional politician. Meanwhile Governor Bricker's hopes seem to have been revived by the Wisconsin results. If there is to be a stop-Dewey movement, it might well form about him. But such a movement would have to draw strength from both the internationalist and the nationalist wings of the party. Thus Bricker, while making goo-goo eyes in the direction of Willkie, is rushing around the country talking about the importance of hanging on to overseas bases. The Dewey machine, for all its prophecies of victory on the first ballot, is not yet strong enough to ignore the benefits which would accrue from Willkie's blessing. Roland Marvin, one of the two or three New York delegates pledged to Willkie, jumped hastily on the Dewey band-wagon and was assigned immediately to sound out the 1940 candidate. He seems, however, to have met with a discouraging reception. Mr. Willkie evidently is in no mood to respond to the flattery of appeals to be "regular." Before he commits himself to any candidate he wants to know to what policy that candidate is himself committed.

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THE DRAFT SITUATION WAS ONCE AGAIN thrown into confusion by the order suspending the induction of virtually all men over twenty-six. While subsequent directives clarifying the order have enabled draft boards to settle down to the task of finding enough young men to meet their quotas, the Selective Service System had a few bad days in which no two boards seemed to interpret the order in the same way. The result of all of this has been a new outcropping of complaints and criticism of our selective service policies. The New York *Daily News* speaks of "cockeyed draft management," while the New York *Post* complains of "our stumbling Selective Service." There is much justice in these complaints, particularly as they apply to the suddenness of the changes in policy. On one day the government tells a twenty-seven-year-old father in a moderately important job that he is desperately needed in the army; the next day—after he has given up his job—he is told he is not wanted at all. Yet apart from the inconvenience caused by sudden shifts, there is much merit in the decision to take as many men as possible in the eighteen-

to-twenty-five age group before drafting men over twenty-six. It is a decision which probably should have been made many months ago; it is particularly defensible at a moment when the army has reached full strength.

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THREE IMPORTANT LABOR DECISIONS WERE handed down by the Supreme Court last week. In the Pollock case the court held unconstitutional a Florida statute which makes it *prima facie* evidence of fraud to obtain money in advance for work and then fail to perform it. The law is an elaborate device for evading past Supreme Court decisions against debt-peonage laws. The same result was sought by sentencing men, usually Negroes, to forced labor for fraud instead of debt. The decision cancels a sixty-day prison sentence imposed on an illiterate Negro worker who was to pay off the debt by forced labor at less than nine cents a day. In the other two decisions the court strengthened the position of unions under the Wagner Act. In the Medo Supply Company case the court held that once wage negotiations have begun, an employer cannot disrupt a union by granting a "voluntary" pay increase. In the Frank Brothers case, the court confronted a situation in which a union, in the nine months between the filing of charges with the NLRB and the issuance of the NLRB complaint, lost members and no longer had a majority. On this ground the employer thereupon refused to bargain with the union. "A requirement that union membership be kept intact during delays incident to hearings," the court held through Justice Black, "would result in permitting employers to profit from their own refusal to bargain."

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IF EVER A BREACH OF THE NON-STRIKE agreement appears justified, it is in the case of the employees of Montgomery Ward's Chicago branch. Shortly before the expiration of a contract with Local 20 of the United Mail Order, Warehouse, and Retail Employees Union, C. I. O., the company notified the union that they would not negotiate a new contract. The matter came before the War Labor Board, which ordered the company to extend the contract. Ward's then refused the WLB order, contending that the union no longer represented a majority of employees and that the WLB could not compel employers to sign closed-shop or maintenance-of-membership agreements. The company's defiance of the board precipitated a strike in the Chicago plant and the War Labor Board has referred the matter to the White House. It is to be hoped that the President will support the WLB with the same firmness that he showed on previous occasions on this same issue. The prolonged war between Montgomery Ward, led by Sewell Avery, and Local 20, supported by the War Labor Board, will be discussed in detail in an article to appear in next week's *Nation*.

Price Control Works

PRICE ADMINISTRATOR BOWLES was in an extremely strong position when he appeared before the House Banking Committee last week to ask for a continuance of the Price Control Act in substantially its present form. He did not have to argue, as his predecessors have had to, that price control *would* save the country from a disastrous inflation. He could show that the OPA *had* stopped the vicious cycle of rising prices, that the line had been held for a solid year. His appeal did not rest on economic theory but on the facts that are there for all to see. A year ago the cost of living was rising at the rate of $\frac{3}{4}$ of 1 per cent a month. Despite lack of Congressional cooperation in the full price-control program and despite constant attacks from some diehard business groups, this rise has been completely halted.

Unfortunately, this victory has not prevented various groups on both the right and the left from sniping at the OPA. Philip Murray, president of the C. I. O., flatly challenged the report of the stabilization authorities and repeated his previous assertion that the cost of living had advanced 43½ per cent instead of the 23½ per cent shown by the official reports of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. An analysis of the C. I. O. cost-of-living report shows, however, that it includes such items as taxes, war-bond purchases, and black-market purchases—none of which properly belong in a cost-of-living index. The analysis also reveals that many of the items selected for comparison were, strictly speaking, not comparable. And it is interesting to note that even the critics of the BLS index do not contend that the cost of living is still rising at breakneck speed. They implicitly admit that stabilization has been achieved by their use of the same figures month after month.

The C. I. O. attack on the accuracy of the official cost-of-living statistics is harmful chiefly because it has undermined public appreciation of the OPA's accomplishments. The C. I. O. does not want to undermine the OPA; it would like to see the Price Control Act strengthened. But in denying the effectiveness of OPA it is playing into the hands of a small but powerful group of business men and politicians who are determined to wreck the stabilization program by one means or another. The latest and most insidious attack on the program from this group may be found in a series of recommendations drafted by the Smith committee of the House. This committee has proposed three innocent-sounding amendments to the Price Control Act which, it alleges, would alleviate hardships. They are: (1) permitting appeals from OPA regulations to the federal district courts; (2) placing the control of the price of foodstuffs, rubber, petroleum, and other products in the hands of the agencies concerned with their production;

and (3) by striking out the word "generally" before the phrase "fair and equitable," compelling the OPA to fix a price profitable to all elements in an industry.

Adoption of any one of these three amendments would hamstring the OPA's efforts and threaten a complete breakdown of the stabilization program. If, for instance, the ninety-three federal courts were given jurisdiction over appeals from OPA rulings in place of the present Emergency Court of Appeals, great confusion would inevitably arise from conflicting decisions, and the entire program might be held up pending Supreme Court settlement. Placing price control in the hands of the agencies responsible for war production is wholly illogical, for if but one of the agencies fell down on the job a general retreat on the price front would become necessary. Experience has shown that the line must be held at every point if it is to be held at all. Most dangerous of all is the proposal that would force the OPA to set prices guaranteeing profits to every business, however incompetent its management might be. Such a proposal, as Mr. Bowles points out, would not only mean huge profits for the more efficient business units but would undermine the foundations of the system of private enterprise. The most effective answer to all these proposals is to be found in the success of the present law. We should permit no one to tamper with it.

Hull and Italy

WE CANNOT agree with Ernest Lindley that Secretary Hull's radio speech on April 10 "met squarely the principal criticisms recently leveled at the Administration's foreign policy." But we are ready to acknowledge that, in some respects, it provided a more satisfying meal than has been spread by the State Department for some time past. The references to the French situation were welcome and were accepted by the De Gaullists, hungry for a friendly word, as a veritable *bonne bouche*. As we point out on an earlier page, the pressure of events has forced the State Department to change its tune in regard to France.

The Secretary's approach to the Italian problem was even more hesitant. He recalled the declaration of Moscow, made jointly by the United States, Russia, and Britain, promising the democratization of the Italian government, the removal of all Fascist and pro-Fascist elements from the administration, and the creation of democratic organs of local government. Declaring that this policy is being carried out, he added naively: "Only that part which calls for the introduction into the central government of more democratic elements has not yet been put into effect." And he explained this omission by asserting that a change of regime might have prejudiced the military situation.

The latest reports from Italy hardly confirm Mr. Hull's optimistic suggestion that the purge of Fascists has been successfully completed. At a meeting of the Allied Control Commission on April 14, Lieutenant Colonel G. H. McCaffrey, who has been regional commissioner for a large district in Southern Italy, reported that local governments were ridden with "grafting and looting" and that "various ministers are putting back the people we fire on the payroll." Some other officers attending the same meeting were more encouraging, but it is plain that cleansing "free" Italy is proving an uphill task.

Nor could this well be otherwise so long as the Italian government itself is largely composed of men who were loyal to Mussolini until the Fascist ship showed unmistakable signs of foundering. The real cause of delay in implementing the Moscow Declaration seems to be a reluctance to deal with the Fascist infection at its chief center in southern Italy—the House of Savoy. Instead of putting pressure on the King to eliminate himself, Allied policy has been to push the democratic parties into backing the king. And, unhappily, since Stalin endorsed them, these tactics have been succeeding. Emmanuel has now announced his decision to withdraw from the throne as soon as Rome is recaptured. But as he intends to leave his son, Prince Humbert, who has been just as fully associated with Fascism, to exercise his powers with the title of "Lieutenant General of the Realm," this gesture is one of those changes which mean more of the same thing.

It has served, however, to split the junta composed of the six opposition parties which hitherto had presented an unbroken front against the House of Savoy. Inspired by the Communists, who several weeks ago indicated their willingness to waive their opposition to the monarchy until after the war, this body has agreed to share in the formation of a new government headed by Badoglio. Besides the Communists, the Christian Democrats, the Liberals, and the Democracy of Labor voted for this step. The Socialists abstained, and the Action Party formed a minority of one, refusing to pretend that there had been any change in the situation justifying a reversal of its position.

In his speech Mr. Hull foreshadowed this development with complacent approval. How, we wonder, does he reconcile it with the statement that "there can be no compromise with Fascism and Nazism"? Does he regard Emmanuel and Badoglio as untainted by Fascism? If so, we can only conclude that any Fascist who takes the trouble to disguise himself with a handful of anti-Axis wool will be able to fool the State Department into believing him a democratic sheep. Giving Mr. Hull full credit for good intentions, his qualifications as a shepherd, charged with gathering the nations back into the democratic fold, are dubious, to say the least.

Return from Mexico

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

THERE had been a gap of ten years in my Mexican experience. My last two visits in 1939 and 1940 had been too short and too near the end of the Spanish War to make it possible for me to absorb fully the fascinating process of evolution in a country of such vigorous personality. This time I went to Mexico determined to find out what was going on, especially how much truth and how much exaggeration there was in the stories that Mexico, under the present administration, had reversed its historic revolutionary trend.

The official purpose of my visit was not difficult to accomplish. It was to gain the support and cooperation of the Mexican government for a plan for the rescue of refugees, elaborated by the Free World Association together with other humanitarian organizations. The unhesitating agreement of the authorities in this matter was in itself an encouraging indication of Mexico's general mood. Reactionary tendencies and a warm readiness to welcome the victims of international reaction are not characteristics that match. A few days after my arrival this favorable impression was fully confirmed by an interview with President Avila Camacho.

On the morning that I was received by the President the notion that a few weeks later an attempt would be made on his life could never have crossed my mind. And yet when I read the news in New York I could easily reconstruct the incident, to its smallest detail. I could see the great square flanked by the palace and the cathedral and hear the gay sound of the bugle announcing the entrance of the President. I could see the ante-chamber crowded with officials and visitors waiting for an audience. And I could see Avila Camacho, solid and powerful, holding the assassin immobile until the guards took him into custody. Especially I could hear his quiet voice questioning the young man about the motive of the attack. Equanimity and calmness are the hallmarks of the Mexican President's character.

Avila Camacho's response to my request was instantaneous. He feels legitimate pride in Mexico's attitude toward refugees. No other country has, in this respect, a more admirable record. It is not the Spanish Republicans alone who have found in Mexico something much more important than shelter. Anti-fascists from everywhere have been received there, not only to be tolerated and given a chance to survive, but to carry on the fight for freedom. My interview with the President was excellent. He gave me an immediate sense of the political atmosphere of the country and provided an invaluable prologue to the full story of Mexico as it unfolded in the remaining weeks of my visit.

But the fact that the general political situation in Mexico is different from what some recent reports have indicated does not mean that reaction is non-existent or that progressive forces are not obliged to face the same problems as everywhere else. To begin with, I should mention one of the disturbing factors: the widespread discouragement with the way in which the war has been waged in the political field. If I choose that as my first point, I do so because on my return from Mexico I found some of my American friends in the same gloomy frame of mind.

The immediate reason for this discouragement is of secondary importance. It may have been caused by the recognition of Badoglio or by Willkie's retreat from the Presidential contest after the victory of reactionary elements in Wisconsin. It doesn't matter. What really matters is the loss of confidence resulting from the policy of the United Nations. The number of people who no longer believe a single word of official speeches and statements is increasing with alarming speed. They have seen how Darlanism followed close upon the speech proclaiming the Four Freedoms; how, in spite of the Atlantic Charter, the people of Spain, who are 90 per cent pro-Allied and anti-Franco, have been pushed aside, while Franco has been courted in the most disgraceful fashion. They have seen how this war for democracy has strengthened certain dictatorships in Spanish America, thanks to the financial and political support of the Allies. They have seen what has been done in Italy and what would be done everywhere else in Europe if certain officials in the various foreign offices had the last word.

After all, we cannot be surprised at their skepticism. The same attitude has inspired every independent columnist and radio commentator, here and in England, for the last two years. The same sentiments have been expressed week after week in *The Nation*. We have insisted that the lack of a clear, straight, democratic line in the conduct of the war and the delay in creating a Council of the United Nations must inevitably lead to confusion and disillusionment.

We can easily understand the state of mind of our Mexican friends and other people of the Western Hemisphere. But disbelief in the official policy of the Allies does not justify the defeatism into which a large section of the left is falling. That reaction has become aggressive and insolent, that it has everywhere taken advantage of the absence of vigorous democratic direction in the war, is perfectly true. But it is not true that reaction has won, or that it must necessarily win. We have with us still the majority of the people of the earth. There are still the movements of resistance in Europe, ready to destroy in the final round every Badoglio whom the governments of the United Nations try to foist upon them. There are still the people of Asia, for whom the war has been a signal for a revolutionary awakening.

There are still the people of Latin America, waiting for the day of victory to throw out their little dictators, no matter how respectable they have become by virtue of the honorary degrees bestowed upon them by American universities.

Mexican democrats in particular have no excuse for pessimism. It was their firm stand which only recently brought to a dead stop the reactionary forces in Mexico,

just when those forces thought they saw a clear road ahead. In every country, Mexico and the United States not excepted, the people in overwhelming numbers want a better world and are willing to fight for it. No one on the left, no matter how depressing the present political scene may be, has the right to desert them.

[Beginning in an early issue, The Nation will publish several articles on Mexico by Mr. del Vayo.]

MacArthur's Political Foray

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 14

CONGRESS is back, in a more cantankerous mood than ever, and there is ample indication that it will spend even more of its time than before in baiting the President. The first stink bomb of the renewed session was the release of the Miller-MacArthur correspondence, but except in the Patterson-Hearst-McCormick press this is more likely to help Mr. Roosevelt than to hurt him. Some here are jubilant, thinking the letters will ruin MacArthur, but they may be rating popular intelligence too high. The letters show the Allied commander-in-chief in the Southwest Pacific in a very unsoldierly posture—disloyal to his commander-in-chief and a rather pompous and ignorant ass.

General MacArthur has as much right as anyone else to oppose the New Deal, but he would be in a better position if those letters contained at least one expression disassociating himself as a soldier from Representative Miller's extremely intemperate partisanship. Miller's letters are those of a fanatic to whom only one war has any meaning—the war against the New Deal and the President at home. In one letter he expresses the certainty "that unless this New Deal can be stopped this time, our American way of life is forever doomed." Representative Miller seems not at all aroused about that man in Berlin. The only reference to the Axis is the remark in passing that by the time of the election "the war with Germany and Italy may well be over." This is the letter which General MacArthur describes as "complete wisdom and statesmanship," with which "I do unreservedly agree." A general who agrees with Representative Miller is too unreliable politically to be intrusted with command, for Miller obviously believes that the great menace to America is at home and not abroad. If the situation were truly that painted by the Representative, it might be General MacArthur's duty to move his troops on Washington rather than Tokyo. There are some rightists who feel just that way. And they will be encouraged by General MacArthur's reference, in his letter of reply, to the "sinister drama of our present chaos and confusion." The "sinister" would seem to imply that there is something

intentional and malevolent in the "present chaos and confusion."

Expressions of this kind from a commanding officer in time of war seem well beyond the limits of propriety. The General's not too subtle hint in his second letter, "I will be glad when more substantial forces are placed at my disposition," would seem an equally improper attempt to lobby in Congress against the military decisions of his superiors. An honorable and self-respecting soldier, however violent his disagreement with his superiors in time of war, should feel too proud to stoop to political intrigue and back-scratching.

It is significant that Representative Miller does not use the word fascism or Nazism. His second letter speaks of "the wave of communism and nationalism which seems bound to engulf the European countries, Asia, and South America," and identifies it with the "monarchy" being established at home by "left-wingers and New Dealism." This is the talk and the mood Goebbels would like to spread if he could as the basis for a negotiated peace in the West, but it evoked no reprimand, not even a gentle one, from MacArthur. It was this letter which the General described as "scholarly" and as "calculated to arouse the thoughtful consideration of every true patriot." General MacArthur modestly compares himself to Lincoln. The correspondence bears a stronger resemblance to the activities of the Copperheads.

Not much is known here of Representative Miller. He is a first-term, and the MacArthur correspondence brings him for the first time into the headlines. He is a Republican from Kimball, Nebraska. He was graduated from a local high school and from Loyola Medical College in Chicago, and has practiced medicine and surgery in Kimball County since August, 1919. He was elected mayor of Kimball in 1933 and a member of the Nebraska unicameral legislature in 1937. He was state health director in 1941-42, just before his election to Congress. He lists among his past eminences the state governorship of the Lions Clubs (1931) and the presidency of the State Medical Association (1939). He is a fellow of the American College of Surgeons, a Methodist, a Mason, an

Elk, and a member of the Knights of Pythias. He owns many farms in western Nebraska.

Representative Miller's record in Congress is, with one exception, exactly what one would expect. The exception is that he voted for the Fulbright resolution. The fact that a man of Miller's obviously isolationist views voted for this internationalist resolution indicates how little reliance may be placed upon it as a serious expression of Congressional attitudes, for Miller even voted against so mild, though concrete, an example of international co-operation as the extension of Mr. Hull's reciprocal-trade-agreements act. Miller has been a staunch supporter of Dies, Smith, Hobbs, and other reactionary Democrats and a consistent opponent of consumer subsidies, OPA, and other measures designed to hold down living costs. He voted for all anti-labor measures, for a mandatory increase in oil prices, and for abolition of the domestic branch of the OWI. He was not recorded on the poll-tax bill, but he showed up in support of Rankin's successful fight against votes for soldiers. The record provides a fairly typical portrait of a MacArthur admirer.

The MacArthur lieutenants here and in New York are encouraged by the half-million votes cast for him in the Illinois Republican primaries. But the more detailed reports beginning to arrive make it far from certain that the combined isolationist and crypto-fascist vote can carry Illinois in November. MacArthur, unopposed, polled 76 per cent of the Republican vote last Tuesday, but Dewey, unopposed, polled 86 per cent of the Republican vote in the Illinois primaries four years ago. In primaries free from any major contests the Democrats polled almost as many votes as and in one case more than were cast in the bitterly contested Republican primaries. Most significant of all was the vote cast in the primaries for nomination of Congressman-at-large.

The successful Republican nominee was Stephen Day, the Congressman who before Pearl Harbor was an associate of George Sylvester Viereck, the convicted Nazi agent. Day had the support of the Green political machine in Illinois and was renominated by it, but he ran far behind the rest of the machine ticket. The machine delivered some 560,000 votes for Governor Green but less than 400,000 for Day. Mrs. Emily Taft Douglas, who will oppose Day in November, polled almost 440,000 votes in the Democratic primaries, where there was no contest. The vote for Mrs. Douglas was not much less than the combined vote on the Republican side. Day ran far behind his ticket in the 1942 general elections and seems to be the weakest spot on the ticket again this year. The facts available here make Dewey look like a better Republican candidate than MacArthur in Illinois and the President a better bet in that state than either. Since Illinois Republicanism may be regarded as the stronghold of our contemporary "Copperheads," that doesn't speak too well for MacArthur's political pulling power elsewhere.

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

IT IS HARD TO FIX attention upon the activities of the peace conference while the whirlwind approaches across Europe. But it is worth recalling occasionally, as new governments arise and new revolutionary alliances are formed, that a group of elderly gentlemen in frock coats are still at Paris playing the old game of empire. While they arrange frontiers, the frontiers dissolve; while they talk of a League of Nations, half of Europe makes its own league of revolutionary peoples. Shall they fight or placate these new forces, starve or feed them, turn to the right or to the left? They do not know.—April 5, 1919.

PERHAPS THE MOST SINISTER STORY that has come out of the Seattle strike is the account of the work of the "Minute Men" told in detail by Kenneth Macgowan in the *New York Tribune*. Formed during the war to make patriotism compulsory in Washington, the Minute Men developed a highly organized spy system, based, according to the statement of its chief, on the German system of domestic espionage.—April 5, 1919.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA IS NOW taking shape as a nation. . . . No agreement has been arrived at with the 3,000,000 Germans living along the northern rim of Bohemia. . . . Instead, the flame of race hatred has been fanned by both sides. . . . Germany will now have a handle for the economic and political invasion of Czechoslovakia.—HENRY G. ALSBERG, April 5, 1919.

IT WOULD SEEM as though nothing could withstand the systematic and relentless efforts of Japanese imperialism to wipe out Korea as a moral fact.—April 12, 1919.

IT MAY BE SAFE to assume that the nationalist tremors that have lately been agitating certain Senators in regard to the future sovereignty and proud isolation of the United States will be laid at rest by the recent cabled revisions to the League of Nations Covenant. . . . With [the] simple requirement of unanimity among all nations, including those involved in a dispute, other articles of the Covenant providing for arbitration and adjudication of questions of international controversy seem hardly necessary.—April 19, 1919.

EUGENE VICTOR DEBS has gone to jail in a cause as old as time and as noble as human nature—the cause of the fundamental rights of man. Against the arbitrary law which jailed him, he stands as the defender of the intrinsic law.—April 19, 1919.

NEWS OF THE REVOLT of American troops at Archangel comes like a sudden squall to fray out still farther the fog-ends of our Russian policy. . . . The only direct and clean-cut policy in sight is that of Soviet Russia, which marches forward imponderably across the face of Europe while our statesmen sit in Paris twiddling their thumbs.—April 19, 1919.

Masquerade in Budapest

BY ROBERT PARKER

IN THE fall of 1940 the German army moved in force into Hungary. Nazi officers went into telephone, telegraph, and commercial-radio offices. German soldiers patrolled railroads and bridges. Censors from Berlin established themselves in the Budapest post office. The Luftwaffe took over the airfields. Adolf Hitler was preparing for his attack on Russia, and thirty trainloads of German troops rolled daily through Hungary into Rumania and up to the Prut River, which formed the Soviet border. All these steps were reported by the American correspondents in Budapest, of whom I was one. Presumably the American legation told the State Department what was going on; at any rate it knew, for the American military attaché was arrested for watching German troop trains puff through Budapest.

Now, suddenly, three and a half years later, we are told that Hungary has been "occupied" by the Wehrmacht. Cordell Hull speaks of a "dastardly act." The usually well-informed Elmer Davis, in a letter to the *Washington Post*, calls the occupation the Führer's "latest act of cannibalism," adding, "It is possible that Hitler found it necessary to occupy Hungary by force, violence, and fraud instead of by consent simply because the Hungarians . . . saw so clearly that Hitlerism was doomed."

Most Hungarians, including Regent Admiral Horthy and his gang, have known for years that Hitlerism was doomed. The late Count Paul Teleki caused a book to be published during his premiership showing that Germany couldn't win. Admiral Horthy told me in an interview before war broke out that the Nazis were licked before they started. The plain truth is that Hungary was occupied by Germany in the fall of 1940. It wasn't accomplished by "force, violence, and fraud"; it was done with the full agreement of Admiral Horthy and the Hungarian government. What has happened recently is only a further degree of occupation. The difference is that Horthy and his crew are now starting a long-planned campaign to try to convince the Allies that their hearts are in the right place after all. The amiable Tibor Eckhardt was sent to this country nearly three years ago to prepare the way.

To understand the situation we must take a look at basic Hungarian policy. Since Bela Kun's Communist regime was driven out of Budapest in 1919—incidentally, with the invaluable aid of the victorious Allies of World War I—Magyar policy, under Horthy's control, has been entirely devoted to the recovery of lost terri-

tories. The slogan *Nem, nem, soha* (No, no never) that was applied to the Trianon treaty's transfer of land to Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania became the watchword of every Magyar government. National Socialism is, of course, anathema to Horthy and his reactionary followers. For them the rise of Nazism in Germany meant the ascendancy of the gutter element, with Adolf Hitler the chief guttersnipe. But at the same time the Führer represented the dynamic force in Europe, the force that could and would change frontiers. Horthy and his friends swallowed their pride, held their noses, and joined the Nazis in the belief that Hitler would give them back their lost territories.

After Munich Hungary did in fact recover a strip of land on its northern frontier from a prostrate Czechoslovakia. In March, 1939, it gobbled up Ruthenia, with Hitler's blessing. Next it demanded Transylvania, and in its acquisition of the northern part of this province lies the explanation of the "occupation" Secretary Hull now so vehemently deplores.

When Hitler prepared to attack Russia, he had to secure the Carpathian Mountains as a bulwark against a possible Russian attack before the Wehrmacht could launch its own. Believing that Rumania could not be depended upon to defend the mountain passes, he determined to detach northern Transylvania from Rumania and give it to Hungary, whose army officers were solidly pro-German and anti-Russian. All during the summer of 1940, therefore, Hungary was encouraged to scream for the return of Transylvania, which had been part of the Hungarian kingdom before 1918. When Budapest and Bucharest were sufficiently excited, Hitler haled the heads of the two governments to Vienna and forced Rumania to relinquish northern Transylvania.

It was no secret in Budapest that Hungary paid a stiff price. Horthy put his country's railways and munitions factories at Germany's disposal and promised to defend the Carpathians, with the Germans, against the Russians if there was need. That need has now arisen, and Hitler has moved his soldiers into Hungarian Transylvania to try to hold the passes against the victorious Red Army. The Horthy regime, however, chooses to forget its bargain of 1940, for Horthy's followers have told him it is time to adopt the Darlan-Victor-Emmanuel-Badoglio strategy. Hence the screams of "occupation." It's a convenient excuse and can be made to look genuine.

That Hungary would try to whitewash itself has been apparent for a long time. A Hungarian cabinet minister

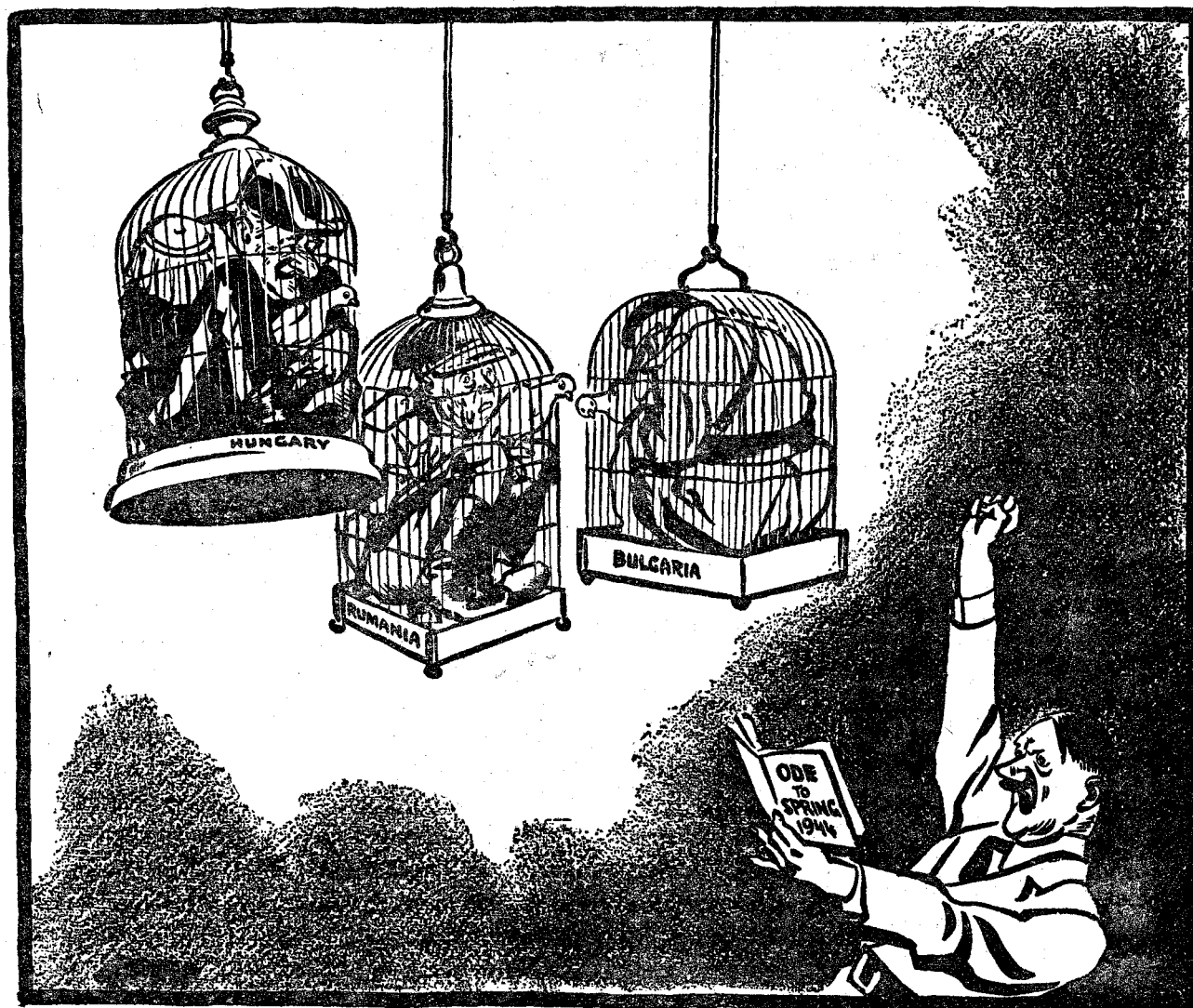
was very frank about it in Istanbul last summer. He said Hungary had recovered "sufficient" territory from Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. Now the question was how to make peace with the Allies. The first actual step, taken early this year, was an attempt to pacify the Yugoslavs lest they jump on Hungary's back at a later date. For there is still one item left on the Horthy program—get the rest of Transylvania from Rumania.

The attempt to pacify Yugoslavia has not proved very successful, chiefly because the Yugoslavs are not a people who quickly forget broken pledges—or such an incident as the massacre of fifteen hundred Serbian men, women, and children by Hungarian soldiery. This occurred in the winter of 1941-42, when Hungarian troops occupied the Serbian town of Subotica despite a year-old treaty of perpetual friendship between Yugoslavia and Hungary. One day the Magyar troops, obedient to orders, murdered a large part of the town's population. The Budapest government did nothing for two years. Then, early this year, when it became apparent that the time had come to make amends, it announced that the commanding officers at Subotica were to be tried by courts-

martial for the "unfortunate incidents." In typical Magyar fashion, however, it failed to carry the affair through, and soon announced that the guilty officers had "successfully fled to Germany." Anyway, said Hungarian diplomats in neutral countries, the Serbs would know Budapest was very sorry.

The next step of the Horthy government was to send as new envoys to the neutral European countries men who had close ties with Englishmen and Americans. For example, a former chief of the Foreign Office press bureau who had an English wife and was personally a charming man became minister in Stockholm. He could be relied upon to put out the right stories at the right time. The first news of the "occupation" of Hungary came from these Hungarian legations in neutral countries. We have no other way of knowing what is going on inside Hungary.

The reports were somewhat astonishing, to put it mildly. Some said that "German parachutists fluttered down in the dark on Budapest"; others that "troops in transit to Rumania broke the seals on their coaches." Earlier, however, I had watched hundreds of troop trains roll through Budapest, and not one was ever sealed.



THE CARE OF DOVES

Usually the Nazis got out and spent the day walking around the city before proceeding on their journey. The government of Premier Kallay was superseded by one headed by a certain Doeme Sztojaj, described as Hungarian minister in Berlin. Mysteriously, Sztojaj became a field marshal overnight. There was no attempt to hide the fact that he and his Cabinet were legally sworn in by Admiral Horthy.

These events received immediate attention in Washington. Mr. Hull called on Hungary to fight Germany. An Associated Press dispatch said the appeal implied that if Hungary did so it would get better treatment at the peace table. The dispatch said further that "the American action carried with it an implicit promise that Hungarian resistance would earn the respect and friendship of the United States, which in victory would look more favorably on the status of Hungary despite its voluntary alliance with Hitler up to the moment of occupation."

You can be sure the Horthy government will now "resist" to the best of its ability. Of course, not much can be expected of it, since it was taken by surprise and

the country has now been "occupied"! But its intentions, Washington can rest assured, are of the best—especially since "the respect and friendship of the United States" are promised in return. Above all else, Budapest wants the United States to "look more favorably on the status of Hungary" at the peace table. For there's still that one unfinished piece of business.

Hungarian diplomats with whom I talked in Istanbul were exceedingly frank about it. "Obviously," they said, "Transylvania must belong to either Rumania or Hungary. The two countries are equally guilty of having joined the Axis and having fought Russia. Both declared war on Great Britain and the United States. When the peace conference meets, the question will be which of the two countries is *least* guilty." They thought they could prove that Hungary was the lesser sinner. The first reports from Horthy's legations in the neutral countries said Rumanian troops helped the Germans to occupy Hungary. But the Rumanian legation in Ankara was quick on the trigger, too. It announced that Rumania had been "occupied" at the same moment as Hungary.

Votes for Negroes?

BY STANLEY H. LOWELL

THE recent decision of the United States Supreme Court (*Smith v. Allright*) invalidating the resolution of the Texas state Democratic convention that only "white citizens" should be permitted to vote in the primary was a triumph for progressive democracy. Yet it is imperative that the enthusiasm of liberals be tempered by a full realization of Southern tenacity where the Negro vote is concerned. Primarily, it is important to understand that the court did not establish or make any pretense of establishing a new constitutional principle. Justice Reed carefully pointed out that the court felt it had erred only in its former application of a previously extracted principle.

Suit was brought in 1942 by a Negro, Lonnie Smith, against two election judges who had refused him a ballot in the Texas Democratic primary which was to choose nominees for federal offices. The refusal was based solely on the race and color of the potential voter. The election judges were acting in conformity with a resolution of the state convention of the Democratic Party which restricted membership in the party and participation in its deliberations to "white citizens" otherwise qualified. The court held this resolution of the convention to be the action of an agency of the state of Texas. As such it was "state action" and came within the proscription of the Fifteenth Amendment, which provides that

the right of citizens to vote "shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

If the discrimination had been the result of "private" action, it would not have been within the purview of this command of the Constitution. The court, therefore, thoroughly examined the primary system in Texas and decided that the state statutes made the party, which is required to follow the legislative enactments, an agency of the state.

Earlier in the opinion the court reaffirmed the postulate established by *United States v. Classic* (1941) that the protection of the Constitution extended to the right to vote in a primary involving the choice of federal officials, "where the primary is by law an integral part of the election machinery."

The legal solidity of the decision appears unquestionable. That the state of Texas was acting through the Democratic Party seems self-evident. The bitter battle which preceded this decision makes clear the state's studied intent to disfranchise its Negro citizens. Though continually forced into more devious methods, the state never abandoned its primary objective—the elimination of Negro electors.

One is struck by the peculiar "rightness" of such a victory at this time. We are a nation engaged in war

against an ideology whose principal tenet is "racism" and its attendant theory of the second-class citizen. Enemy propaganda has feasted on the difference between our public pronouncements and our domestic actions. To those who believe in human dignity and freedom it is heartening that our highest tribunal has leveled another barrier to a more complete democracy.

However, the furor aroused by the decision in the South and the quick and angry reaction of political leaders in the eight states that have restricted primaries raise the question of the extent of the triumph. The former chairman of the state Democratic Executive Committee in Texas keynoted Southern feeling when he said that "soon a group of us will get together and after careful study devise a way to meet the situation." This was no idle boast.

Undoubtedly a way of nullifying the court's decision will be sought. Through the second decade of the twentieth century whites were "protected" by the so-called "grandfather clauses," under which voting privileges were permanently and automatically granted to those who were qualified or whose ancestors were qualified to vote in some pre-Civil War year, while others, in the main the mass of Negroes, were barred by stringent "literacy" requirements. After this means of stripping the Negro of the franchise was eliminated in 1915, the state of Texas prepared to strike the first blow in what was to develop into an all-out contest with the Supreme Court of the United States. There was full recognition in the South of the unimportance of the general election in those wholly Democratic areas. The Texas legislature, therefore, in 1923 enacted a statute which declared that "in no event shall a Negro be eligible to participate in a Democratic Party primary election held in the state of Texas."

A Negro, qualified to vote except for the prohibition of this statute, was denied the opportunity at a primary election involving federal officers. The Supreme Court in *Nixon v. Herndon* (1927) held that the action of Texas in refusing the ballot to Negroes by statute was in violation of the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. The decision made no mention of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Since the Supreme Court held that the state could not act to bar the Negro elector, Texas snapped back in the very next year with a new enactment which seemed to fill this chink in the wall of discrimination. The state would not act; the new law declared, instead, that "every political party through its state Executive Committee shall have the power to . . . determine who shall be qualified to vote." Thereupon, the state Executive Committee of the Democratic Party promptly adopted a resolution which provided that "white Democrats . . . and none other [should] be allowed to participate in the primary elections." Texas itself carefully avoided saying

"no Negroes"; it pointedly sought to circumvent the court's decision by delegating the authority to another body—the party Executive Committee.

When the same Negro was again denied a ballot and again brought suit, the Supreme Court was not taken in by the subterfuge. It sturdily found (*Nixon v. Condon*, 1932) that the Executive Committee had derived its authority from the statutory proviso. Its action, being a delegation of state power, was "state action" and thus invalid as discriminatory under the Fourteenth Amendment. Unfortunately, the court faltered slightly and refused to decide whether a political party in Texas had inherent power to determine its own membership. This first sign of weakness was quickly pounced upon.

Just three weeks after the decision in *Nixon v. Condon* was handed down, the Texas Democratic state convention proceeded to adopt this new, court-suggested formula to accomplish the old purpose. This time the state would not pass any legislation, directly against the Negro or in delegation of authority. The prohibitions of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, directed as they are against the action of a state, would thus be effectively by-passed. The convention adopted a resolution limiting membership and participation in the Democratic Party to "all white citizens"—the very resolution reexamined in *Smith v. Allright*.

Once again a Negro who had sought and been denied a ballot asked for judicial support. But this time in vain. The Supreme Court decided in *Grove v. Townsend* (1935) that determination of the membership of the Democratic Party by the state convention was a significant change from determination by the Executive Committee. One was the action of a voluntary private association, the other action by authority of the state. The court further declared that the denial of a vote in a primary was a mere refusal of party membership, with which the state need have no concern.

The decision of the court, written by Justice Roberts, was unanimous. The right of the Negro to vote in a Texas primary seemed effectively and permanently blocked.

Not until the opinion in *United States v. Classic* (1941) could the advocates of equality take heart. The court there determined that the occurrence of fraud in a Louisiana primary was a subject of Congressional enactment, and the corrupt acts of election officers were held punishable under the federal criminal code in primary as well as in general elections. *Grove v. Townsend* was not cited or mentioned in the *Classic* case. Nevertheless, *Classic* did bear upon *Grove v. Townsend* in that the recognition of the place of the primary in the electoral scheme made it clear that delegation to a party of the power to fix the qualifications for primary elections is delegation of a state function.

The door which had been so tightly shut six years

before in the Grovey case had now apparently been pried ajar. The opening, however, was not yet wide enough to permit the passage of a colored citizen in the South. Shortly afterward, therefore, suit was instituted by Lonnie Smith to enable the Supreme Court to reexamine the *Grovey v. Townsend* case. The present opinion is the result.

But although this discriminatory barrier has been leveled, the Negro will be hampered in the future, in Texas and like-minded states, by other modes of disfranchisement. Already an extraordinary session of the Legislature has been called by the Governor of South Carolina for the purpose of keeping the Democratic Party primary "pure white." The primaries' structural foundation in state law having been emphasized by Justice Reed, all statutory reference to them will be eliminated. As an alternative, the *Charleston News and Chronicle* advocates editorially a return to the convention system and, if necessary, the revival of nominations in secret lodge rooms. Whatever the means used to prevent them, the Negroes, Senator Maybank has told Congress, will not vote.

The cloak of discrimination has more than one button to keep it safely fastened. Much thought, even genius, has gone into the problem of safeguarding white interests in the South. By clever devices apparently not aimed at race or color the great mass of Negroes have been barred from the vote. Strengthened and stringently enforced, these requirements will maintain the barricade. Each expedient takes some characteristic of the Negro and sets it up as a suffrage disqualification. In addition, white election officials must be "satisfied."

Exacting residence requirements penalize the migratory habits of colored citizens; lengthening the required period and tightening the mode of "satisfactory" proof will keep many from the polls. The poll tax, in some states cumulative, utilizes the impoverished condition of most Southern Negroes. Moreover, even if the money is available, an easily lost receipt or other "satisfactory evidence" of payment is necessary. Educational requirements take advantage of the Negro's lack of schooling. Literacy and comprehension must also be shown to the "satisfaction" of the examiner, and the standards of achievement demanded of a Negro and a white man may, of course, differ materially. Property qualifications which strike at low income and poor financial situation have been used in several states; ownership of forty acres of land or of personalty with an assessed valuation of \$500 is often beyond the ability of the Negro.

Lurking in a corner, but not too shy or hesitant to show its face when the occasion warrants, is the oldest and most straightforward of all methods of eliminating the Negro elector—intimidation. If any or all of the methods referred to do not achieve the desired end, the problem may be resolved by force and fear.

In each of these stratagems care has been taken to avoid the constitutional pitfall by disqualifying the Negro without discriminating against him as such. Although the Supreme Court in *Smith v. Allwright* inveighed against any indirect denial of constitutional rights, the circumventions described are well able to gain their object. The decision is important, nevertheless, as part of the ceaseless struggle of progressive forces to achieve complete democracy in this country. It strips the façade of legal protection, at least, from one more discriminatory practice.

In the Wind

A SPOKESMAN for the Credit Bureau of Greater New York, addressing the top executives of a chain-store organization, suggested that Negroes be discouraged from coming into the stores by cancelation of their charge accounts. The suggestion was rejected, on the ground that it was un-Christian.

THE TEXAS STATE GUARD is being trained in the handling of riots and "the protection of vital industries." The program has the backing of the Christian American Association, which has been active in pushing anti-labor laws through state legislatures, and whose leadership includes men who have long dealt in anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, and anti-Negro activity.

THE WPB OMITTED mentioning one important item in its report on extra paper grants for 1943. *Tide*, an advertising trade magazine, has smoked out the admission that the *Reader's Digest* was granted 1,061 tons in February, bringing its total extra tonnage for the year to 2,484 tons, the largest for any magazine. . . . *The Cross and the Flag*, Gerald L. K. Smith's anti-Administration, anti-British, anti-Russian, and anti-Chinese magazine, carries in its current issue an editorial whose content is summed up in its final sentence: "God bless the *Reader's Digest*."

THIS BIT of jumbled German history is contained in an advertisement by Warner and Swasey (turret lathes): "The German government ended unemployment by government work. The German government owned and operated the railroads, controlled the press and radio, guaranteed universal education, supported unions, assured medical care, limited corporation profits—did all the things many Americans want our government to do. Of course the German government became a dictatorship, as all such paternalistic governments always do."

FESTUNG EUROPA: Three soldiers in German uniforms ordered coffee at a small restaurant in Czechoslovakia. The waiter shouted to the kitchen, in Czech, "Three coffees with rat poison." One of the soldiers stood up and corrected the order, shouting to the kitchen, in Czech, "Only two coffees with rat poison, please. I am an Austrian."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.]

India's Would-be Quisling

BY JOHN W. GERBER

LAST September I reported in these columns on Subhas Chandra Bose and his plan for setting up an "independent" Indian government under the protection of Japan. At that time the idea must have seemed fantastic. Bose has now turned it into disquieting fact: units of his "Indian national army" have entered India and laid the basis of a "provisional national government."

I suggested in September that Bose's close ties with Japan were his greatest handicap, since China's influence in India was so strong. Bose and his Japanese overlords seem to have realized that weakness and are doing their utmost to overcome it. "The Provisional Government," Bose has said repeatedly, "is convinced that Japan has no political, economic, or military ambitions in India." Japan is interested, he insists, "only in destroying the Anglo-American forces in India, which are enemies not only of India but of Asia as well." The Japanese are backing Bose's penetration with a major propaganda campaign, making every effort to allay suspicion of their intentions.

Powerful forces are working for Bose. Not the least of them is Indian nationalism, which Bose seems to be turning very effectively to his own purposes. Japanese and Indian troops had no sooner entered India than Prime Minister Tojo declared that "all areas of India through which the National Army advances will be immediately placed under the control of the Provisional Government of Free India." A Bengali follower of Bose's, Azad Chatterji, was promptly named governor of the "liberated" territory. (He will, of course, have no more power than the Japanese puppets in China.) Chatterji has announced that the government is ready "to seek the collaboration of all suitable persons in the liberated areas for important tasks." Currency has been issued to drive out the British rupee, and the government claims to have founded its own bank in Burma.

Bose and the Japanese chose a strategic spot for their drive into India. The little state of Manipur has a long history of resistance to the British. The last recorded instance occurred during World War I. In 1917 the British raised a labor force in Manipur for service in France. When they tried to raise a second contingent, a rebellion broke out which was suppressed only toward the end of 1918, with the help of a large force of Assam rifles and Burmese military police. As a consequence, Manipur

was deprived of all semblance of home rule, subdivided, and put under the administration of the neighboring Assam states.

Bengal, which includes Assam and Manipur, has been the scene of many violent clashes between the Indians and the British. It is Bose's home, and the considerable influence he still exercises in India is mainly concentrated there. Bose said last August that he expected Indian aid for his invasion; he invaded at the place where he was most likely to get it, and he is claiming now that a number of tribes have risen against the British and that deserters from the Allied camp are joining his forces. British military authorities in this country say that unrest has so far been insignificant.

The impression left on the Indian people by last year's famine in Bengal has been another weapon in Bose's hands. "A new economic order," as well as a "new political order," he has said, "will be instituted under the provisional government."

The basis of the new life is a well-planned economy, and the welfare of the Indian people will be secured by that plan. Without planning there would be chaos, with individuals trying to obtain the most profit, and therefore measures have been formulated to safeguard the welfare of the people. The fundamental principle will be to guarantee to each individual his essential rights, such as food, clothing, and education. It will be the duty of the state to provide these rights so that the people can live like normal human beings.

Bose has trumpeted loudly that he and his army are beginning a "march to Delhi" to "liberate India from British tyranny." His more immediate objective is to cut the new road to China. He announced last November that his army was "fully prepared to march into Bengal and Assam," and "when we do," he declared, "any hope entertained by Chungking of opening a road from Assam will be destroyed." As this is written, he is on the verge of achieving his goal. If he does, it will be a major political and military victory. He can use it to cast doubt upon the strength of our determination to aid China and to prove that Japan is quite capable of attaining its stated military objectives.

The United Nations can no longer ignore Bose; he has begun to turn his words into action. On the whole the people of India are disinclined to aid China's enemy. But Bose will receive considerable support from his own

blind followers and from other violently anti-British elements. It may not be enough to enable him to reach Delhi, but it will help him to neutralize the efforts of the United Nations to make India a major base of operations.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

FOR some time treasonable printed matter has been circulated secretly in Germany—and the police are making feverish efforts to discover the distributors, printers, and authors. Four specimens of it, all addressed to soldiers, have received particular attention. A booklet whose title may be translated "I'm Fed Up" is a handbook for soldiers who want to desert. One with the deliberately misleading title "Digest of Ballistics" gives instructions in the art of making oneself unfit for military service; it is alleged to have been written by medical students. A newspaper called *The Soldier in the Mediterranean Theater*, obviously printed in France for circulation among the occupation troops, appears intermittently to urge insubordination and peace. The first page carries a printed request to all Frenchmen "to hand this paper cautiously to a German soldier." A pamphlet entitled "Ten Commandments for the German Soldier" is another call to insubordination and desertion. One day copies of it were put in all the students' desks at the University of Leipzig.

All these booklets are described in an article in the *St. Galler Tagblatt* for March 25 written by an anonymous "special correspondent." This correspondent declares that a genuine German "underground" is gradually being built—quite a different thing from the fictional underground of the moving pictures and the propaganda journals. In general, stories about the underground should be received with a good deal of skepticism. By reason of their very subject matter they cannot be checked. The experienced and critical analyst, however, can tell by almost infallible signs whether a report is to be taken seriously or not. The test is a certain exactness of statement, an agreement in small details with already established facts. The article in the *St. Galler Tagblatt* impresses one as reliable, and is therefore worth quoting at some length.

The author notes first that opposition in act or in thought emerged in Germany only as the military situation began to deteriorate. An illegal broadsheet with the title "December Manifesto" was circulated in December, 1941, but at that time, with the German army standing before Moscow, it made little impression. A year later one called "Proclamation of the West German Peace Conference" had "noticeable echoes, particularly in the Rhineland and Westphalia," where there had been severe air raids. After Stalingrad came the well-known

"Manifesto" of the Munich students, which had a sensational effect all over the country. Illegal activity has been increasing ever since.

The pattern of resistance is like that in the occupied countries, particularly France. As soldiers of the occupation armies, as civilian officials in occupied territory, or simply as workers in close association with foreign labor, Germans have learned about the methods used outside the Reich—and are beginning to copy them at home. An organization much like that of the French *maquis*, according to this account, is now active in Germany.

In Berlin and Breslau, for instance, representatives of the *maquis* systematically provide food cards, civilian clothes, and all kinds of permits. In 1943 official reports listed 56,000 deserters, only a small number of whom can have succeeded in escaping abroad. All the others live illegally in the *maquis*, using the identification papers of people who have died or disappeared. It has become necessary to reinforce the military police in order to cope with the rising wave of desertions. . . .

Students have become the main figures in active resistance. This is interesting since most students are soldiers who have been sent home to continue their studies. Shortly before the big raids on Berlin a Nazi Party representative was prevented from speaking at a students' social evening, and the gathering was dispersed by the police. As a result of the devastating air attacks German state services are not functioning with their usual clockwork precision, and the *maquis* is seizing the opportunity to destroy the prestige of the "omnipotent state."

The Nazis are reacting to these signs of opposition in two ways. Some, the article tells us, simply sneer—and "point confidently to the numerous anti-aircraft turrets on squares and at street corners, which have been provided with openings toward the streets to be used in civil warfare. 'As long as we have these strong points,' they say, 'the people cannot harm us.'" Others take the matter more seriously and, profiting by the example of the underground, "declare that in the event of a German defeat they will themselves go to a *maquis* and make life unbearable for a successor government or the Allied occupation forces."

NO MONARCHY

The Overseas News Agency has distributed a story asserting that practically every Spaniard is ready to accept the monarchy and that I myself was engaged in Mexico in the task of winning Republican support for the restoration. In thirty years of journalism I have seldom read a more idiotic story. I was, I am, and I shall remain an enemy of the monarchy. I believe that its restoration would be a disservice to the Allied cause and an insult to the Spanish people.

J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

BOOKS and the ARTS

THE TIME OF THE ASSASSINS

BY LOUISE BOGAN

THE modern detective novel originated in times physically, and perhaps spiritually, darker than our own. The *roman policier* was based on the invention, new and terrible to the French, of the political police, under Fouché and Napoleon. Later Vidoqc, an adventurer born under the Old Regime, managed under the new dispensation to make a transformation in which the chaos of the period is summed up: he became Chef de la Sureté and used his criminal career as a basis for his position on the other side of the law. His "Memoirs," published in Paris in 1829, intersected the legend of the Byronic hero. Here was something new, a product of another social situation, the beginning of a new legend. Vidoqc appears almost immediately in literature as Balzac's Vautrin. Meanwhile, and following closely in the steps of actual spies and *agents provocateurs*, Eugene Sue began to produce, in the '30's, his series of *roman-feuilletons*, which included "Les Mystères de Paris" and "Le Juif errant." Jean Cassou has stated that the development of the *roman-feuilleton* and the creation of the social sciences is parallel. The secrets of "sordid and terrible Paris" were sought out, in the first, under the cover of darkness. The rich and the poor, the intriguer and his victim, were linked together. "The poor adventurer, the pariah, the *carbonaro*, the artist, the regenerator, the adversary of the Jesuits . . . these were the phantasmagoria projected by [the beginning of] the nineteenth century." They were symbolic of the strange desire that had manifested itself in the midst of chaos: "to pass beyond the political to the social revolution."

The earliest detectives worked by mystery and ruse rather than rapidity and force. Roger Caillois, in his intelligent study of the genre, "Le Roman Policier,"* says that the detective is at first successful not through his logic but because of his disguises. He is, at the beginning, an inheritor of Fenimore Cooper, the infallible observer of the forest. The great city has become a new jungle, more dangerous than the solitudes of Canada. This pattern was soon abandoned, but it has returned in the spy and secret-agent stories of the present. But let us watch the closing in of the form, the development of "deduction," which at one point made the detective novel into an almost pure play of the logical faculties, a detached *jeu d'esprit*.

This tendency toward rules was observed in the detective novel while rules elsewhere in nineteenth-century literature were being progressively rejected. The detective novel splits off from the surrounding anarchy of form. And within its closed universe Poe further limits its locale by inventing the convention of the locked room. The detective now has

* I have followed the analysis of M. Caillois's "Le Roman Policier" (Editions des Lettres Francaises, SUR, Buenos Aires, 1941) very closely. I am also indebted to "Quarante-Huit," by Jean Cassou (Gallimard, Paris, 1939).

completely rejected his bloodhound role. He becomes the scientist "coordinating indices," the artist-priest astounding the world at large as well as his rather stupid human foil. The crime becomes as isolated from life as a chemical experiment. Rules to protect the reader emerge: "Give the reader an equal right with the detective . . . no supernatural or scientific marvels . . . no tricky architecture . . . no factors brought in at the last moment." And the *acte gratuit*, the novel and motiveless impulse, cannot function at this point; the diabolical machinery must work on the basis of accepted motives. Now, "the detective story must take from existence nothing but a frame. . . . It is not interested in passions or emotions except as a force to set the mechanism in motion. It is only interested in forming a complete and simple figure from incomprehensible and partial fragments. The novel attaches itself to the nature of man. This nature is a bother to the detective story, at this stage, and it supports it only unwillingly."

M. Caillois's analysis now reaches a crucial fact. Here is this new form, coldly opposed to everything literature stands for. But the pure exercise of the intellectual faculty, the detachment from emotion, the devotion of the detective to the penetration of "an artificial miracle"—all this is brought up against the unalterable convention that a detective novel must be based on a corpse. It demands a murderer—a person who has killed and risks capital punishment; no other sort of malefactor will do. And because of this anomaly between crude subject and skilled method, the detective story cannot remain a pure puzzle for long. "The cards must be shuffled." Suddenly "neither the murderers are real bandits nor the searchers real police." Variations multiply; here, in a late development, is Simenon's Maigret, a detective with a compassionate heart. "An obscure necessity obliges these policemen to make reservations in their role. They have a liberal attitude or a liberal profession. . . . They occupy a marginal place in regard to society, in the manner of the sorcerer or devil in the ancient tales who appears in the guise of a stranger, a horse dealer, a doctor, an itinerant merchant."

The closed circle begins to break. The puzzle begins to widen back toward the novel proper. Now the criminal has become anyone. "The most unexpected person" is now any man or woman, of whatever age or condition. And the elaboration of the setting becomes inexhaustible. *Everywhere* has become the scene of the crime. No situation, however sacred or cut off from life by money, power, or prestige, has been omitted. As in a fox hunt, every modern type and modern locale has been "blooded" by the detective novel. But the detective story has not by any means merged

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with the novel. It has, instead, drained off from the other form all its residues of "sensation." While apparently working with the most icy logical detachment, the narrative breaks off "complaisantly to recount scabrous scenes of cruelty or eroticism. The ambition of the intelligence is flattered while the appetite for sensation is satisfied."

The mention of death and dissolution has almost disappeared from modern middle-class and "folk" literature. The detective novel does not reject one detail of the macabre. And it openly accommodates fear and aggression, open or disguised. Certain authors specialize in the frozen will of the nightmare—or the neurotic symptom; their characters may not escape even if they could. The rat-in-the-trap, the spider-and-the-fly motifs recur. The baseless fears of the folktale or the psychiatric clinic are endlessly repeated. And the inveterate reader of detective stories can soon classify his reading into stories written by and for sadists, by and for masochists; into stories in which someone, under a pseudonym, is working off some obsession or perversion or fear that is sure to link up with similar aberrations in some reader. On a higher level we get a complete picture of paranoia in Kafka's "The Trial."

The obscure religious undercurrent in these dramas of sin and retribution cannot be overlooked. "One of the strange phenomena of the nineteenth century"—I quote a modern clergyman—"is the spectacle of religion dropping the appeal to fear while other human interests have picked it up." The Gothic novel that began in the late eighteenth century bore the marks of a broken-down, secularized, floating religion. It is the supernatural that intervenes. The trappings are Catholicism's ruined abbeys; the fumes are those of a Protestant personal hell. Ritual has dissolved. The detective story, on the other hand, has all the marks of a live cult, developing from primitivism toward complexity. The victim is always there, whether the sign of a brutal sacrifice or a more humane oblation. And the priestlike character of the detective was once very clear: Sherlock Holmes, in whose human reality many people believed, is the supreme example of this type.

"The present-day individual," writes a psychiatrist, "is more and more called upon to give up his aggressions. The repressed and therefore unconscious criminality of the normal man finds few socially harmless outlets: dream and fantasy life, the neurotic symptom, and some transitional forms of behavior. . . ." The break-through of the submerged unconscious, the symbolic struggle between good and evil—in the detective story we find a reenactment of these struggles. And the flight motif has returned, along with the tracking-down-of-the-fugitive role of the official or unofficial police. Graham Greene, one of the most intelligent and exciting writers of the modern "thriller"—because his imagination seems peculiarly sensitive to archetypal subconscious themes—has recognized the role of the conscience in these dramas; he gives one book a title extracted from Francis Thompson's poem "The Hound of Heaven"—"The Labyrinthine Ways." And it is Greene who has stated that the history of contemporary society is being written "in hundreds of volumes, most of them sold in cheap editions"—the detective novels. The great and perceptive writers of the nineteenth century

April 22, 1944

477



"The cruelest tyranny which ever sought to bar the progress of mankind." - Winston Churchill. March 26, 1944

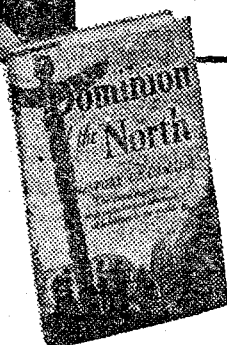
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from George Eliot through Henry James accepted the material and announced the themes, striking out across the world of devotion to "progress" and bourgeois complacency. At the moment continuous and sharp attention should be paid to this vehicle, in which every rejected and denied human impulse can be accommodated, from the petty but terrible *Schadenfreude* (joy in another's misfortune), bred from the poorer native qualities of the human heart as well as from the pressures of a competitive society, to the larger evil schemes of power and ambition. The detective novel, now snobbishly cut off from the main stream of literature, reviewed flippantly if at all, may at this moment have within it secrets of what we are and shall be. And the future may look back to it, as it now exists, through great works engendered by it, as we look back through Baudelaire's poems to Sue's Paris, and back through Shakespeare to the crude horrors of the Tragedy of Blood.

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ANATOLE FRANCE: 1844-1944

BY ALBERT GUERARD

Et voici qu'elle se relève
Du tombeau profond de l'oubli.
O ma jeunesse, ô mon beau rêve,
Je t'avais mal enseveli.

IT TOOK Victor Hugo seventeen years to recuperate from his funeral; I trust that after two decades Anatole France will rise "tel qu'en lui-même enfin l'éternité le change," transmuted by death into his essential self. All the minor graces, the pretty tricks, the smirks and naughtinesses that once delighted middle-aged sophomores have returned unto dust. We have forgotten the Living Classic, the Old Master, the bland Pontiff of Free Thought, who with ironical resignation allowed himself to be worshiped. What could he do, and whither could he flee? Touraine was no refuge; and the snobs, fawning and backbiting, would have beaten a path even to Shangri-La. We have forgotten the aged satyr, sporting with red-kirtled Amaryllis in the Boulogne grove. We have forgotten there ever was a Brousson, exactly on a level with the Master's slippers. We have forgotten even that Anatole France "wrote beautifully of beautiful happenings," like the troubadour of Poictesme. How tenuous and remote the gossip, epigrams, and madrigals of yesterday appear, through the perspective of these haggard years!

Yet, merely as an artist, his place is assured. He was no weird Titan but a scrupulous craftsman. As such he will live by the side of good Théophile Gautier, definitely above the charming lyric acrobat Théodore de Banville, in the pleasant foothills of Parnassus; and men of gentle nurture will enjoy his urbane converse long after the vociferations of would-be geniuses have died away; for the still small voice need not be stern. But I am not jotting notes on Anatole France as a writer for some future textbook of literature. Anatole France did not work in vain; yet so far as the history of art is concerned, he might as well never have lived at all, for he created nothing. He combined delightfully Voltaire and Châteaubriand; ironical free thought, antiquarian curiosity, a gentle yearning for the past just before it mellowed into oblivion. But Renan, not Anatole France, was the originator and the master of that exquisite and paradoxical blend. It was Renan who prepared "the purple shroud wherein dead gods repose."

The superficial charm of Anatole France is literary, and even bookish; his greatness, strange as it may sound, is of a moral nature. Half a century ago he would have been voted a decadent trifler, while Theodore Roosevelt, Rudyard Kipling, and Jack London were strenuous, red-blooded, two-fisted he-men. Yet we are not sure how they would have stood the test of our times. They swaggered on obvious paths; compelled to probe their souls, they might have been bewildered, and veiled their confusion with bluster. We have no misgivings whatever about Anatole France. He was not the man to crave "a means of escape from responsibility, from the coherent, close-knit, waking self which has to make decisions." He was not "above the strife," like Romain Rolland; he did not profess, like Jules Romains, that synthetic "good-will" which is more than half mystification; he would have spurned the delicate equivocations of André Maurois;

April 22, 1944

479

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above all, he would never have sought sanctuary in the crypts of any dogma, national, political, or economic. He never shirked the burden of freedom.

He is with us. Read his "Histoire Contemporaine"; it is Vichy and the hesitant friends of Vichy that he denounced forty-five years ago, for the sorry triumph of Pétain is but the long-prepared *revanche* of the anti-Dreyfusists. By no stretch of imagination could you imagine him cooperating with the New Order of a crude and cruel fanatic; and you could not imagine him either doing obeisance to the Big Three for the sole reason that they are big. Clear-eyed and disenchanted he was, even cynical at times, but there are levels of "realism" to which he could not have stooped.

He was thought to be a dilettante, an epicure; when the test came, he never flinched. He served, modestly, even humbly, in unfamiliar, uncongenial fields. I have heard him address a Socialist meeting in a dingy hall crammed with rough men. This was no miraculous conversion. It was the author of "La Rôtisserie" and "Le Lys rouge" who, at fifty-five, took his place among the fighters for truth and justice. He did not have to disown his career. It was his culture that had tempered, pointed, and sharpened his mind until it could seek unerringly, in the heaviest armor of prejudice, the almost invisible and fatal flaw.

It was, I repeat, the Anatole France of "La Rôtisserie" and "Le Lys rouge" who had trained himself, unawares, for the ordeal he stood so well. Frivolous to the frivolous, these books are examples of intellectual courage, a courage so self-assured that it needed no bluster. The smile of Anatole

France is not a mask and is not a weapon. It is the flash of quiet triumph of the strategist noting the enemy's clumsy move. It is irony, the art of agreeing with your opponent better than he agrees with himself; irony, the hatred of all dogmatic, doctrinaire, and Pharisaic pretense. With irony he summoned to his side pity: unfeigned, manly, active sympathy for the torments, doubts, and frustrations of all men: Crainquebille with his barrow, Bergeret poring over his "Virgilius Nauticus," Alfred Dreyfus at Devil's Island.

"The sun that also rises" over the Lost Generation was unkind to Anatole France. The wastrels of that dismal age had found shorter cuts to freedom; taboos could be exorcised for a few francs in any dram shop. Just as their Philistine counterparts, the Normalcy Boys, jeered at Wilson, the sophisticates railed at the "irony and pity" of Anatole France. Yet, for a test, try to imagine a Germany, a Russia, an America in which irony and pity prevailed.

Anatole France did not claim superhuman stature. He was the heir of the long "humanist" tradition, the one in which "the humanities" are but the vehicle of "humanity." He was "humane" like Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, and Voltaire. And because he was humane, he who could furnish his ivory tower with the quaintest bric-à-brac never lost touch with common humanity, the people. He did not go to them with that apostolic zeal which is the noblest form of arrogance; he was with them all the time, and they recognized him without effort. It remains the undying glory of the common people in France that in an hour of stress they chose as their Führer men like Jaurès, Zola, and Anatole France. That people and that spirit are not dead. They lived in Léon Blum, dilettante, epicure, and martyr—Blum, to whom Baldwin and Chamberlain preferred Franco, while we were busy washing our neutral hands. When Paris is cleansed from Nazi and collaborationist slime, the spirit of Anatole France will be hailed again; and not only the Paris but the Europe of tomorrow will remember him with pride and gratitude.

ALBERT GUERARD

Voices FROM UNOCCUPIED China

BY
Yueh-lin Chin
Hsiao-t'ung Fei
Nai-chen Liu
Chiao Tsai
J. Heng Liu
C. K. Chu and
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set of causes: the measures which society adopted in order not to be, in its turn, annihilated by the action of the self-regulating market."

The clash between the market system and the movement to protect men and institutions from its crudities has long been recognized. But as Mr. Polanyi points out, the apologists for laissez faire have been in the habit of ascribing all state interference with the automatic functioning of the market to a collective conspiracy of selfish interests. This charge, he argues, is absurd, and he cites in refutation the great variety of forms which the reaction against laissez faire adopted and the diversity of groups that at one time or another promoted it. In one of his most telling passages he quotes Herbert Spencer's attack on "restrictive legislation." To that Victorian diehard such measures as compulsory vaccination, the regulation of common carriers, the public inspection of food and drugs, the Contagious Diseases Act, and the institution of public libraries were anathema as attempts by the state to overthrow the "natural laws" of economics. Yet as this book makes clear, each of these measures dealt in the public interest with some pressing problem arising out of modern industrial conditions. Moreover, their sponsors, as a rule, were uncompromising opponents of collectivism.

The truth is that the effort to refer all economic matters to a self-regulating market was met by a spontaneous reaction. And this was particularly marked in the case of labor, land, and money, all of which the market system sought to reduce to the stature of ordinary commodities. One of Mr. Polanyi's main arguments is that the attempt to treat wages as a "price," fixed solely by the forces of supply and demand, was totally destructive of social institutions. For it assumed that the worker was a man without ties, possessing complete mobility, who could always sell himself in the best market. Only the hobo fulfils these conditions, and a "perfect" labor market would mean a society of hobos.

The first spontaneous reaction to the paramountcy of the market was, according to this book, the Speenhamland system. This was essentially a plan for supplementing rural wages by payments from local taxes. Launched by the justices of the peace at Speenhamland, a small town in southern England, just as the Industrial Revolution was gathering momentum, it spread rapidly over a large part of the country. The results were disastrous, for instead of protecting the laborer from the rising cost of living the actual effect was to drive wage rates down and pauperize a large section of the working class. Moreover, to the extent that it did slow up the migration from the country to the new factories it served to maintain a supply of cheap labor for landowners and large farmers.

Mr. Polanyi does not defend this system: he exhibits it as a horrible example of the consequences of the collision between the market economy and intrenched social institutions. And in an acute piece of analysis he suggests that the situation produced by Speenhamland, the juxtaposition of a growing army of paupers and a rising industrial production misled the classical economists into enunciating such theories as "the iron law of wages."

The application of the market system to land and money, both social institutions rather than commodities, likewise produced a series of clashes which are discussed at length

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in this book. In the case of money, the gold standard made possible a self-regulating market and became itself a universal fetish. Mr. Polanyi's exposition of the ways in which nations, struggling to maintain stable currencies, sacrificed economic and political freedom to this fetish is not the least fascinating section of a fascinating and wide-ranging work.

In the space of a review it is not possible to do more than indicate the bare outlines of one of the most important and original contributions to economic thought in several years. I must warn the intending reader, however, that this is no bedtime book to be tackled with the brain half-asleep. It requires concentration, but it is worth it.

This warm indorsement is not to be taken as implying total agreement. On the contrary, reading this book, I found myself constantly questioning its interpretation of facts. I suspect, for instance, that Mr. Polanyi is giving too much weight to purely intellectual forces in the working out of the Industrial Revolution. Did the classical economists create a trend or merely rationalize one? Which leads to the question whether the social calamity in England for which this work blames the self-regulating market was not, in fact, an inevitable accompaniment of rapid industrialization.

Perhaps the answer is to be found in an analysis of the planned industrial revolution carried out in Russia over the past twenty-five years, at which Mr. Polanyi casts no more than a passing glance. There we had a conscious diversion of income from the workers for the purpose of industrialization under forced draft, a deliberate sacrifice of the standards of living of one generation for the benefit of the future, an intentional liquidation of social institutions which could in any way interfere with the over-all plan. True, the fruits of the resulting investments do not accrue to private persons. But the suffering involved in their creation has been no less real and is at least comparable in volume and intensity to that experienced by the British working classes in the first half of the nineteenth century. May I suggest to Mr. Polanyi that a comparative study of the English and Russian industrial revolutions might form a fruitful subject for a future book?

KEITH HUTCHISON

The Web of Words

THE LOOM OF LANGUAGE. By Frederick Bodmer. Lancelot Hogben, Editor. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.75.

BEFORE undertaking to review this distinctly novel, impressively learned, generally entertaining, occasionally witty, sometimes tedious, frequently exasperating, too often opinionated, and probably very useful book, one ought really to devote the free evenings of the next six months to learning to read the principal Germanic and Romance languages by the methods and with the help of the abundant paraphernalia that Mr. Bodmer has supplied. Although it attempts and succeeds distractingly in being several things at once, the chief aim of "The Loom of Language" is to lighten the burden of learning for the home student. The test of the recipe is the pudding. Accordingly, it is by its practical usefulness rather than by its considerable power to inform, amuse, and even astound its readers that the book should ultimately be judged. Since the pro-

cedure I have suggested is not feasible at the moment, this review should be regarded as merely a provisional report.

"The Loom of Language" belongs to the same series as the widely known "Mathematics for the Million" and "Science for the Citizen" and has a number of characteristics in common with them. If you have encountered any of its predecessors, you know in general what to expect of it—an alliterative title, a vast quantity of fact-crammed reading matter, a disarmingly friendly tone, a real faculty for clear exposition, and a promise, provided you cooperate diligently, to make you an accomplished linguist—at least, to enable you to read and perhaps to write French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish. There is a catch in it somewhere, of course, and it is an old, familiar one. No book, no matter how ingeniously devised, can eliminate the necessity of memorizing words and paradigms and of practicing their use unremittingly. Mastery comes only by drudgery.

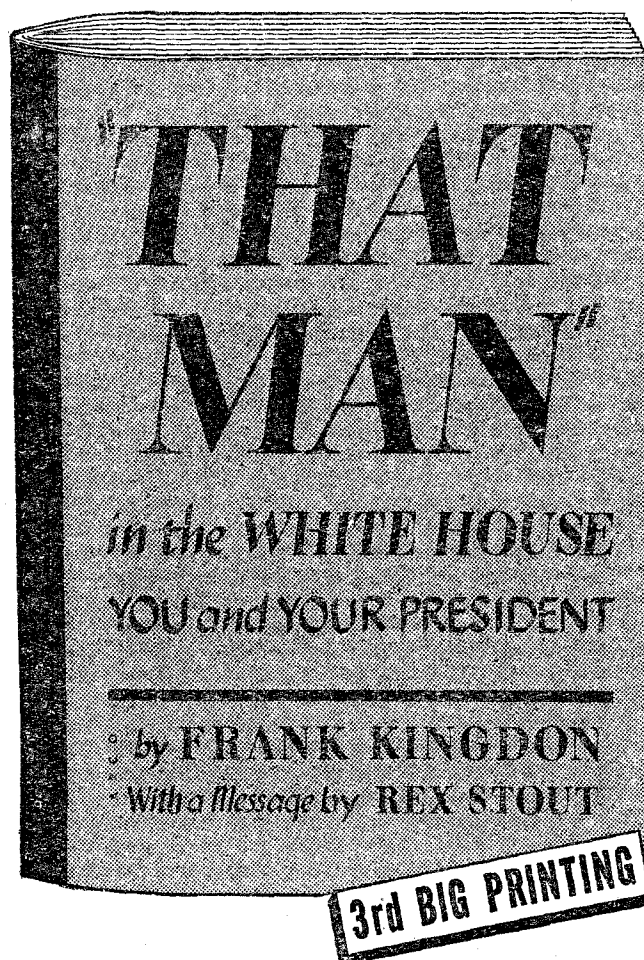
Mr. Bodmer, however, believes that the amount of drudgery can be reduced materially. Many of the devices that he uses and advocates are no longer new in this country. For the past twenty-five years the tabulators of words, idioms, morphological forms, and syntactical constructions have been slaving faithfully at their unspeakably dull but useful tasks, and the results of their labors are now generally available for actual instruction. A full 160 pages of "The Loom" are devoted to three highly useful, intelligently compiled word-lists—the first giving English, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, and German in parallel columns, the second giving English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian, and the third listing the Greek words that form the basis of the modern scientific vocabulary in all European languages. Scattered throughout the book are a large number of tables and diagrams that put linguistic facts in their most assimilable typographic form.

More novel, and certainly questionable, is his contention that it is easier to learn several related languages simultaneously than to take them up one at a time. Many of us have humiliating recollections of our efforts to learn Anglo-Saxon and Old Icelandic, or Spanish and Italian, in that way; if Mr. Bodmer has discovered how to turn the trick, he will have conferred an inestimable boon on students. I hope he has done so, but this, as I have said, is only a provisional report.

Mr. Bodmer is also over-optimistic, I feel sure, in his belief that a small vocabulary—approximately two thousand words—is sufficient for what he calls fluent self-expression in any language. Here I think he has misinterpreted the results of certain word counts and of C. K. Ogden's experiments with Basic English. No single conversation is apt to exhibit an extraordinary range of vocabulary, but in the course of a day an educated man engages in many conversations on a variety of subjects. That a word occurs seldom does not make it negligible. Basic English is a special technique of expression and not one that is ordinarily convenient to use. When Basic is employed to perform its more startling feats of communication, it becomes an exercise in perpetual definition, complex and cumbersome. Fluent self-expression with a meager vocabulary is possible only for halfwits, who have little to express, or for logi-

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cians, who can handle the defining technique of Basic and enjoy it.

But most of Mr. Bodmer's suggestions for overcoming the difficulties of learning a foreign language are sensible and acute. He places great reliance on developing "language consciousness"—that is, intelligent interest in language as mechanism—as an aid to learning. Of course, it will work, but it is an unusual person who develops it. The late Edward Sapir had developed his language consciousness to the point, I have been told, where he could master a new language in the leisure hours of a voyage across the Pacific, but he was the most brilliant and profound student of language of our generation. We are not apt to see his like again. Unfortunately, the tendency in education for a number of years has been to assail the study of language at every opportunity so that the idea that linguistics is dull and useless is deeply implanted in the general opinion. It will require a thorough reform of our educational practice to change matters.

Yet that change is pretty sure to come. For several generations Americans have been the most persistently monolingual of all the great nations. Separated by the oceans from Europe and Asia, with our only linguistic frontiers—with French in the northeast and Spanish in the southwest—lying in sparsely settled territory, we have been but dimly aware that other languages might be worth knowing. Now, however, that men have flown around the globe in four days, and that an electric spark, transmitting a signal, makes the circuit in a fraction of a second, our linguistic as well as our geographic isolation has vanished. Although the English

language will in the immediate future be more important than ever before, fewer English-speaking people will find their native language sufficient for their needs. German, French, and Italian will probably lose some, though not a great deal, of their current importance; Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, and Chinese are certain to gain importance and prestige. Necessity will make linguists of us. "The Loom of Language," despite some serious shortcomings of method and of manner, is a book for the times by virtue of its intelligent discussion of linguistic problems and its resolute insistence that for the ordinarily intelligent adult there is no insuperable obstacle to the learning of several languages.

GEORGE GENZMER

Of Art and Morals

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES: ESSAYS ON BELIEFS IN POETRY. By Horace Gregory. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THE miscellaneous papers, chiefly enlarged and revised book reviews, that Mr. Gregory has assembled here under so challenging a title are linked together, he tells us, by the fact that they deal with the success of various authors in using Achilles's shield as they confront this perilous world. The shield "may be taken to mean the degree of self-knowledge that a work of art contains to protect itself against what has been so often called 'the ravages of time.' The shield, then, seems to protect the author of a poem, reviving his name even from the deepest obscurity and offering through its example a protection for the reader. There is little doubt that Achilles's shield dazzled and disarmed his enemies; and if the shield may be said to contain a moral purpose in its creation, it was rather more than artfully concealed within the arts of persuasion that it employed." Armed with this explanation of Mr. Gregory's chosen symbol, the reader feels safe in exploring these pages for instances of the way in which self-knowledge served a company that includes Samuel Johnson, D. H. Lawrence, Lewis Carroll, and Paul Elmer Moore, among others as diverse in their personalities and their performance. If the adventure proves somewhat disappointing—for it is rarely that the beliefs of his subjects are made as lucid or as significant as one has been led to expect—one ends by forgiving a writer who ranges so widely and who discovers a sufficiency of entertaining and arresting matters in the course of his travels.

Mr. Gregory says not a few good things by the way. Sometimes these are offered, as a poet should offer them, in a happy metaphor, as where he observes, of the usual pairing of Keats and Shelley, that "names in close company, like coins jingled too frequently together, lose their faces, and in literary discourse many names are worn to faceless brilliance in the jargon of studious research and reappreciation." Sometimes he says simply what has oft been thought but ne'er so well expressed, as when he declares that "Poe was more frequently the master of artifice than of art." Again, he introduces shrewd comparisons, such as the seemingly unlikely one of George Moore with Sherwood Anderson, or nice contrasts, such as that of Alice, Lewis Carroll's Alice, with Wordsworth, remarking that the practical little girl,

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unlike the not impractical poet, "knew terror, but not grief." The essay on Alice and Wordsworth is one of the most stimulating in the collection. Here the author is fairly explicit as to his own demands upon poetry, asserting that it must always appeal to "our sixth sense, intelligence," and concluding with a statement of his requirements for the art that is full of interest. He would have it that the intelligence which enters into poetry is not merely "sensible of ethics" but also "of the devotional spirit," and since this is not the only passage in which Mr. Gregory pays his devoirs to religion, one could well wish him to be more expansive at this point. But just as one looks for ampler exposition and analysis, the author turns away, and the reader is teased by a sense of over-hasty dismissal. What is lacking here, as elsewhere in the book, is a sufficiently precise evaluation of belief.

But if Mr. Gregory does not quite succeed in his ambitious task of making clear just how well these men and women knew themselves and how this knowledge affected their art, and if he does not always compel agreement, he does show himself a thoughtful, discerning student of literature. He manages to avoid the pitfalls besetting the dogmatically social critics on the one hand and the preciously formalistic on the other. As his foreword suggests, and as the final essay in the volume makes plain, he inclines rather toward that scholarly and, in the best sense of the word, humanistic approach to letters so happily exemplified in the work of Edmund Wilson. And if he seems to plead for his saint rather too emphatically to make his own faith appear quite firm, and seems also, as befits so keen an admirer of eighteenth-century literary virtues, to be wanting in the enthusiasm that warms what it illuminates, his insistence on the moral implications of literature and on the obvious if not always recognized distinction between a vivifying humanity and a withering humanitarianism deserves attention. This emphasis is of special value in a period when letters are dominated by the man who runs, or more often flies, as he writes.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Islands and Mandates

JAPAN'S ISLANDS OF MYSTERY. By Willard Price. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

MR. PRICE has long been unique among journalists as the man who actually visited the Japanese mandated islands and survived to tell the tale. He made his trip I should guess—he doesn't date it precisely—some seven or eight years ago. His record of what he saw and did in the islands is a truly engaging narrative in which a travel story is bolstered by solid fact drawn both from observation and standard reference works. The result is by far the best book on the mandates for the general reader, and it will be a rare specialist in Pacific affairs who won't find a great deal of value in it. It certainly complements and supplements P. H. Clyde's "Japan's Pacific Mandate" (1935) and Tadao Yanaihara's "Pacific Islands Under Japanese Mandate" (1940). Yet it still remains true that the full story of what Japan did in its mandate will not be available until the war is over and the hot passions of today have cooled.

Running through Mr. Price's narrative is the conviction,

shared by other writers, that Japan's remarkable job at developing the economic potentialities of the islands was disfigured and debased by the subversion of economic policy by the military expansionists. Mr. Price leans to the conclusion that public works like harbor development were consistently executed more in relation to military than to commercial needs. Certainly the League of Nations Mandates Commission long suspected as much, but lacking an inspection service it could not prove its point. In fact, Mr. Price's book is another illustration of the fact that remarkably little about the military developments in the islands can be proved in advance of their actual conquest and detailed inspection. Even the recent Japanese boast about fortifications really proves nothing, for it may be chiefly designed to reinforce a widespread American conviction. The current conclusion that Truk—brilliantly described by Mr. Price—is not supplied with any very elaborate man-made permanent defensive works may be found to apply elsewhere. What the islands have is a God-made military importance which the Japanese have fully exploited by the use of their naval and air forces. This does not preclude the possibility that many of the islands are liberally supplied with pillboxes, but vast forts may nowhere be found.

Mr. Price offers a reasoned defense of island-hopping—a generally misunderstood expression—as a preliminary to his travel story, and concludes with a prescription for the future. The latter involves, among other things, the return of all Japanese in the islands to the homeland. This will create an economic vacuum which the natives are hardly prepared to fill and which I find it difficult to see being filled successfully. A lapse in Mr. Price's reasoning is his failure to emphasize that the economic development the Japanese achieved was fostered by a protected market for the produce in Japan. It could not have been accomplished on the basis of free world competition. I do not see that a listing of the products of the islands will interest Americans economically, for many of the products, notably sugar, would hardly be welcomed here by the established suppliers. The role of economic interests in the achievement of Philippine independence—where political progressivism and economic reaction wanted the same thing—has considerable illustrative value here.

Nevertheless, Mr. Price has written a first-class book. I'd like some day to meet the Australian mentioned on page 10. He is a curiously ignorant fellow, rare among his countrymen.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

M. Maritain's Aesthetics

ART AND POETRY. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by E. de P. Mathews. Philosophical Library. \$1.75.

MR. MARITAIN'S criticism and aesthetics do not make easy reading. The difficulty does not arise merely from his scholastic language, with which the contemporary reader may not be familiar, but rather from the tension of his prose. Application will often elicit from his pages a high lucidity, but it does not seem to reduce the tension, which remains to tempt the reader with a promise of meanings beyond those he has already grasped. The chief cause

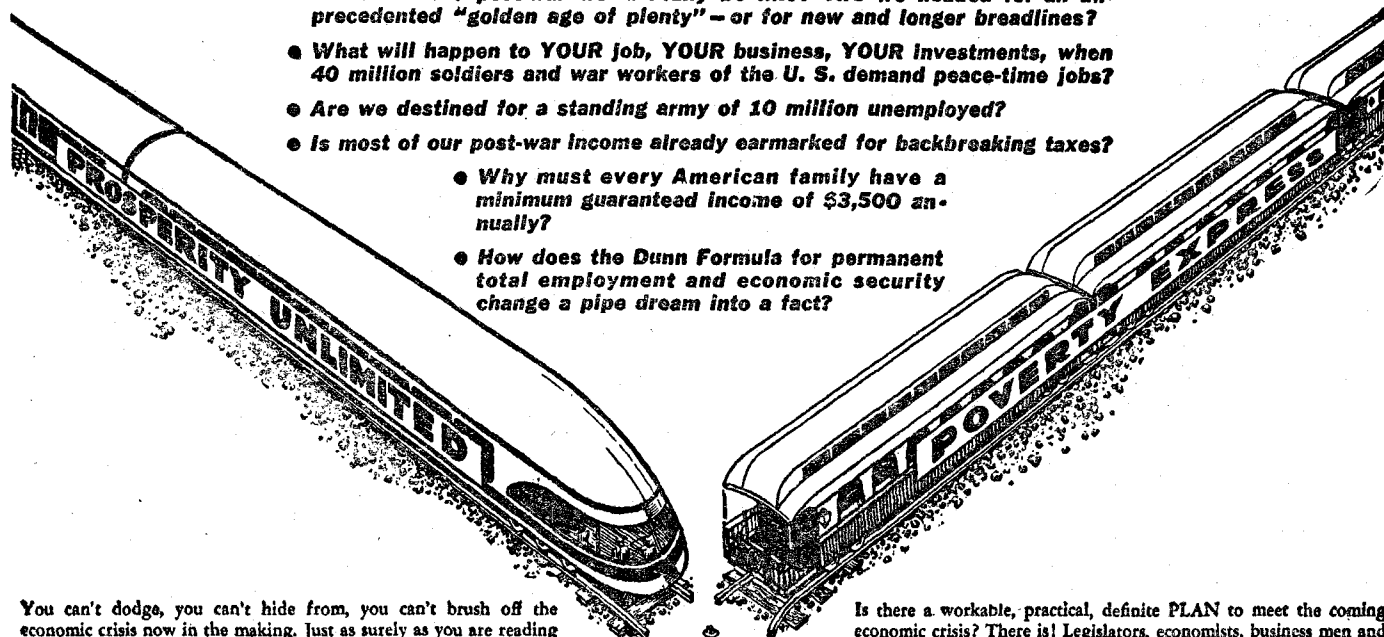
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ARTHUR DUNN
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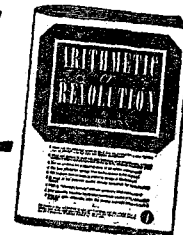
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of this tension lies, if I may hazard a guess, in the fact that M. Maritain, though he is in one essential aspect of his personality as much of a "modern" as any of us, must harmonize his modern sensibility and interests with his own religious and philosophical views. These two components of his personality call, if justice is to be done to the claims of each, for thinking at a deeper level than we moderns are forced to do, for we accept modern art, as we accept everything modern, as a matter of course. The result is that M. Maritain has achieved a view of art and a conception of its place in the scale of human activities far more serious and liberal than that which is to be found in the writings of the majority of contemporary philosophers.

M. Maritain is able to assign to art a high place in the scale of values because he conceives of man's needs and destiny in a much more serious, more exacting way than we moderns can ever do. No sentimentalist, no mere humanitarian bent on making life easier at the price of emptying it of its highest values, M. Maritain's understanding of human nature and his deep religious faith—which he would say are intimately connected—keep him from kneeling, as we moderns do, in indiscriminate worship of man. M. Maritain respects man. But he knows what we moderns do not care to learn—that man can achieve full human stature only by serving ends higher than himself. What function, then, does he think art can serve? He does not assign to art the highest place, of course, for as a Christian he reserves that place for saintliness, but he does rate it high because he considers it to be a means to express a radical spirituality. And the artist expresses spirituality by "informing" matter with the radiance of an idea. And when successful the result is a "creation," in a fairly literal sense, and in more than one place he tells us that the artist continues the work of the Creator. This is to say that art is not a copy or an imitation of nature. Hence art "does not make the mind conform to reality, but reality conform to the mind."

That we would disagree with M. Maritain when he insists that to establish fully the dignity of art it is necessary "to go back as far as the mystery of the Trinity," is not here to the point. He is a dogmatist and does not wince either at the word or at its implications. What is to the point is that we moderns are not able to assign to art as serious a function as he. We moderns claim to have liberated our humanity from the bondage in which medievals like M. Maritain insist in holding it, and claim thus to have discovered its intrinsic dignity. But in fact we have not really exalted man or his activities, but have, in the main, deprived them of their true worth. Hence the essential weakness of humanism and the triviality of its problems. Take, for instance, the current controversy as to whether art can give us knowledge of reality or not. The quarrel is about the function of art, about its dignity; and on one side are those who tell us that the end of art is the "expression" of emotion and not knowledge, and on the other those who tell us, in Mr. Tate's phrase, that the end of art is to give us "complete knowledge of man's experience." But neither of the two sides seem to see that the controversy is purely verbal and that it misses the really important question. For if those who hold that art expresses emotion degrade it to the level of that which it expresses, their opponents, in defending the proposition

that art gives us real knowledge, are not defending anything radically superior, as they seem to imagine. For of what use is their knowledge, what do they do with it, except to show it off like strutting peacocks? "Ah, through it we grow, we realize ourselves," they answer us. Yes, but to what end? so that you may realize yourselves? Are you so blind that you cannot see that self-realization for its own sake remains sheer self-idolatry?

In the last essay of this new book M. Maritain carries forward his inquiry into the nature of poetry begun in the older volume, "Art and Scholasticism." And if I understand him, what he wishes to make clear in this essay is that the power of the poet is indeed, as we moderns say but do not really believe, a truly *creative* power, that is, a free and not a determined gift, since the poem states more than the experience of the artist from which it grows, bubbling, when it is true poetry and not the slavish imitation of the academician, from the very deepest levels of the soul. But there is much more in this essay and in this thin volume than my last few sentences would seem to indicate. The first part of the book is made up of three essays calling attention to the religious aspects of the art of Chagall, Rouault, and Severini. The second part, entitled Dialogues, is made up of notes of varying length, giving us an inkling of how arduous and sustained has been the struggle that M. Maritain has carried on with his contemporaries. Some of these notes will be fully intelligible only to those who are familiar with the French scene and its personalities. It is interesting to note that one of M. Maritain's most formidable opponents is Gide, whose talents M. Maritain obviously respects profoundly, but with whose ideas, of course, he disagrees radically. In the third essay there are ideas and suggestions, like the distinction drawn between soul and spirit and magic in art, which most of his readers I dare say will like to see elucidated at greater length. But there is nothing in this book, obscure though some passages in it may seem, that is dead. All of it is quick and exciting to the imagination and the intellect. For this seems to be the peculiarity of M. Maritain as critic and as philosopher of art, however "scholastic" in the disparaging sense his philosophical treatises may seem to the reader who does not agree with his assumptions: when he writes on art he seems to join to the subtlety of the thinker and the fervor of the religious man the full-bodied sensibility of the poet.

ELISEO VIVAS

Fiction in Review

ALTHOUGH "The First Lady Chatterley" (Dial Press, \$2.75) is only a first version of the famous novel which D. H. Lawrence wrote three times before he achieved the book he wanted, it is announced on the jacket as "an original and hitherto unpublished novel," quite without mention of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," and it is delivered to the public with a happy air of overthrowing Lawrence's own judgment as to which version of the novel merited publication. Esther Forbes, who helped bring the manuscript to light, writes in her foreword: "Obviously he was a born novelist before he grew a beard, read Freud, and set himself up as the Prophet of sex." This single statement, as

April 22, 1944

vulgar as it is patronizing, serves to indicate the fundamental difference between the first and final drafts of the *Lady Chatterley* story, and the reason why many readers will wish, like Miss Forbes, to disconnect the two versions of the book, with their preference all in favor of the first version. Sex—Lawrence's kind of sex—is perhaps even less popular today than it was when Lawrence published "*Lady Chatterley's Lover*." What he called the book-talking, book-thinking people prefer the class struggle, and the first version of Lawrence's novel buries in class conflicts the sexual theme which he was to proclaim in such full voice in the final version.

In broadest outline the two versions of the book are not dissimilar. In each Lawrence is telling the story of a woman who is married to a paralyzed husband and falls in love with a gamekeeper, but there is a drastic revision of detail and a profound shift in emphasis between the first and final texts. It is fascinating to read "*The First Lady Chatterley*" as the first step in the evolution of Lawrence's difficult idea. In several ways the first version is "artistically" superior to the third version: it is more economical, more visual, and wittier; it is also considerably less cruel. But clearly it not only subordinated but distorted Lawrence's sexual message and therefore had to be discarded.

The evolution of Lawrence's idea is best traced in the evolution of the gamekeeper. Even the name of Constance Chatterley's lover is different in Version 1 and Version 3. In the first draft Mellors is Parkin—an out-and-out proletarian, small, peppery, and ugly, uncouth to the point of cloddishness; when he loses his job at Wragby because of an ugly squabble with his estranged wife, he becomes a truckman in Sheffield and a Communist. In other words, the choice of sexual fulfilment would require *Lady Chatterley* to give up every educated taste and established value in her life. In "*Lady Chatterley's Lover*," on the other hand, the gamekeeper is personable, and if he is not a gentleman by birth, his sensibility gives him an air of breeding; his use of the local accent is not necessary, it is symbolic protest; his gamekeeper's profession is also a symbol, of the lonely man. Mellors's place in the social structure is conceived as classless, and it is his role not to threaten the security of the Chatterley class but to represent the power of sexual knowledge and completeness.

Now on the surface this transformation of Parkin into Mellors has the unpleasant look of snobbery. Certainly the promotion of the gamekeeper from a private in the last war to a lieutenant is hard to take; and we have evidence from his other writings that Lawrence was not untouched by snobbery. But he was a peculiar kind of snob. If he was attracted, as a man of his mixed background might well be, by the upper classes, he was at the same time fully aware of their dead ruthlessness. Conversely, although Lawrence had a tendency to romanticize the lower classes, he refused to blind himself to *their* deadness and their resentful idolatry of their masters. And so double a vision of society is an invitation to satire. There are moments in "*The First Lady Chatterley*," such as Constance's visit to the gamekeeper's friends, which are almost Shavian. Satire, however, was at odds with the passion in Lawrence's tempera-

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ment, and as he worked on the Chatterley novel he evidently came to see that his class issues were confusing the sexual issue. The transformation of Parkin into Mellors is the transformation of the Lady Chatterley story from a Shavian problem novel which asks the unanswerable—and pointless—question, "Is the whole world well lost for the sake of sexual fulfilment?" into a thesis novel which asserts Lawrence's passionate conviction that without a healthy sexuality life is meaningless and can turn vicious. The rewritten gamekeeper also saves Lawrence from the fatal error he was always on the point of making, of supposing that sexual neuroticism is a blight to which only the upper classes are subject.

And the transformation, from the first to the third versions, of the character of Mrs. Bolton moves in a similar line of sexual logic. In the early draft Chatterley's nurse is only a harmless gossip, a woman who, because she had once had a marriage of sexual happiness, is capable of a great generosity toward Lady Chatterley. But in the final version Mrs. Bolton is not the passive object of Chatterley's infantile sexuality; she herself finds a complex and rather malign gratification in her unhealthy relationship with her paralyzed master. It is a cruel, disturbing portrait, but its insight is based not alone in sexual understanding but in understanding of the subtle way in which social motives can intertwine with sexual motives. Just as, in the developing study of the gamekeeper, Lawrence rejected class simplicities for human complexities, so also, in the development of the character of Chatterley's nurse, he rejected sentimentality for a frightening reality.

I do not think that in the ordinary terms by which we judge novels "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is a great novel. I think it is a great failure, as a thesis novel is very likely to be, even at its best. Certainly its cruelty diminishes its quality as a work of art, and even as a text. For instance, I have never understood why Lawrence had to paralyze the husband of Lady Chatterley. If Clifford were physically normal, his sexual inadequacy would be less melodramatic and much more relevant to ordinary life; and although Lawrence tries to show us that Clifford's paralysis is only the physical counterpart of a deeper inner crippling which antedates the war, the fact that he *was* a war victim necessarily makes us sympathetic to him, or at least makes us wish to protect him against Lawrence's relentless pursuit. And all along the line the book is marred by an unforgiveness of judgment—quite as if people are to be condemned for weaknesses which they themselves would well be rid of; it is almost as if Lawrence were fighting a *personal* fight against their tragedies.

Yet the lesser cruelty of "The First Lady Chatterley" is not enough to compensate for the lesser insight. If the novel in its final form is in many ways horrible, it is still the novel Lawrence had to write—a fierce truth toward the end of a lifetime spent in search of truth however unpleasant. One thinks of Lawrence writing his heart out with all his novels, and in no case perhaps more than with "Lady Chatterley's Lover," and one wonders whether to be sadder for him that the Chatterley story was once read for its dirty words or that it will now be read because there are scarcely any dirty words at all.

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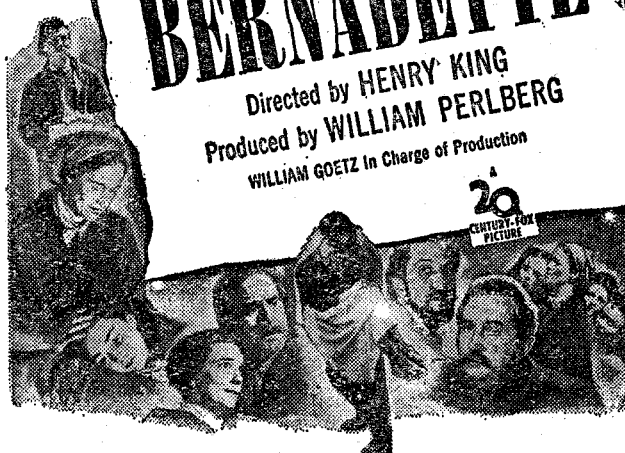
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DRAMA

LILLIAN HELLMAN, in her latest play, plunges into a discussion of what are known as vital issues. She is an experienced craftsman, and there is some deft writing in "The Searching Wind" (Fulton Theater). But the play fails for lack of the clarity of thought and feeling essential to both art and political analysis.

This defect is all the more glaring because the subject of Miss Hellman's dissertation is confusion in our time—confusion which, on one level, makes an appeaser of Ambassador Hazen and, on another, poisons the personal re-

lations between himself and the two women in his life. The unhappy triangle is disposed of in the end by means of a rather glib and far too easy appeal to Freud; on the political side we get a tag line which is a simple-hearted, not to say simple-minded, appeal to love of country. Miss Hellman doesn't even plump for collective security.

Appeasement is the nominal villain of the piece. But it is only named, never examined; and Miss Hellman offers no alternative save the vague patriotism I have mentioned, presents no point of view on which to base a judgment or a choice. Ambassador Hazen's son, who has been wounded in

Italy, is bitter because his father is an appeaser, but his bitterness seems to be founded not on any real perception of the issue but on the remarks of his favorite buddy, a baker's son now dead in action, who had twitted him on the fact that his parents associated with appeasers. At the same time Miss Hellman's portrait of Ambassador Hazen is so full of "understanding" and compassion for his confusion that one can't help feeling that she at least forgives him. And finally what are we to make of the American liberal editor, the lovable old non-appeaser, whom she pictures, rather unconvincingly it seems to me, as retiring from public life when and because Mussolini takes power?

Miss Hellman reviews the rise of fascism and the triumph of appeasement in three flashbacks. The first two, showing the onset of fascism in Rome and Berlin, are well done, though both scenes are cluttered by the development of the love triangle, which goes relentlessly on right through the March on Rome, the German inflation, and Munich. The third flashback—which is less good but is notable for a delineation of a Nazi diplomat—deals with the Munich pact. I think there should have been a fourth one, commemorating the Soviet-German pact, but it is clear from the context that Miss Hellman is one of those people who assume that there is a moral difference, though they never explain why, between Chamberlain's attempt to turn Hitler east and Stalin's attempt to turn him west.

Because of her refusal or her incapacity to analyze the moral issues she has chosen to bring up, Miss Hellman has succeeded only in writing a confusing play about confusion—and since it does not really face issues but merely bandies them about, it is pretentious as well, in the worst sense.

The only other of Miss Hellman's plays that I have seen is "The Little Foxes." She handled its neat, oversimplified, and rather inhuman theme with skill and sharpness—she is very expert at the cruel, knowing line. To judge by the present play she is not up to larger human and social themes, though she can write adult dialogue and she knows how to construct a scene.

Dudley Digges gives a polished performance as the aged and peppery liberal editor, though the part is overdone, in both the writing and the acting. The best bit of acting is that of Arnold Korff as Count Max von Stammer—and the part is extremely well written. Mont-

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gomery Clift, as the son, wrings a great deal out of a rather barren part.

The two women as portrayed by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Barbara O'Neil hardly seem worth the attention lavished upon them—which is fully equal to that accorded to appeasement. And they are, in the bargain, badly dressed—to what purpose? Seemingly by direction the tension between them is held at such a constant high pitch that it becomes monotonous; and this forcing may account for an awkwardness and stiffness of movement. As for Dennis King, he is almost a burlesque of the diplomatic stuffed shirt—one finds it hard to believe in his passions.

MARGARET MARSHALL

ART

THE showing of Mark Tobey's latest paintings (at the Willard Gallery until April 29) deserves the most special notice. A man of fifty, Tobey has only comparatively recently discovered himself; yet he has already made one of the few original contributions to contemporary American painting. Like Morris Graves—whom he has influenced, it seems—Tobey comes from Seattle. He has a similar affinity with Chinese painting and likewise takes advantage of the *carte blanche* which Klee's example has latterly given to the graphic imagination. Tobey and Graves have also in common their renunciation of frank color. In the case of Tobey color is a delicate affair of pale tints, intensity being reduced by an omnipresent gray which filters every hue. Tobey's great innovation is his "white writing": the calligraphic, tightly meshed interlacing of white lines which build up to a vertical, rectangular mass reaching almost to the edges of the frame; these cause the picture surface to vibrate in depth—or, better, toward the spectator. Yet this seems little out of which to compose an easel painting. The compensation lies in the intensity, subtlety, and directness with which Tobey registers and transmits emotion usually considered too tenuous to be made the matter of any other art than music. And yet again—his painting is not major. Its mode, which consists in dividing and subdividing within a very narrow compass of sensations, gives the artist too little room in which to vary and amplify. It is obligatory that Tobey work to expand his range.

Those who question the capacity of

the twentieth century to produce *final* statements in art should see the cubist still lifes and collages executed by Juan Gris in 1916 (in the representative show of his work at the Buchholz Gallery through April 29). They are already archaic—in the best and fullest sense of the word. There is the same counterplay of the structural and the rhythmic, the symmetrical and the dynamic: monumental silhouettes in creamy blacks that seem to include the whole spectrum are counterpoised by the lyrical space between their edges and those of the canvas. Gris's best

cubism was synthetic rather than analytic—that is, he dissected his theme and only put it together again when new relationships between its parts had been invented. The reconstruction was usually embalmed under a heavy waxen finish which gave it an old-master look of inevitability and permanence. But much more than a finish is responsible for the old mastery of Gris's art. A picture such as the "Still Life with Collage" is the best touchstone I know by which to compare and assess the work of the ambitious painters of our time.

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MUSIC

WITH each new and greater victory of the Russian armies all that Stalin has to do is order a salute fired by a greater number of guns. But for his composer-laureate the task of producing a greater pronouncement each time is more difficult. After the half-hour of noisy commotion in the first movement of his Seventh Symphony what more can Shostakovich do in the first movement of the Eighth? Certainly not more and noisier commotion; and so he reverses the process and fills the half-hour with slow melody which pushes and strains, and in which each sound in fact is prolonged and distended to the utmost. This movement provides the required opening grandiloquence; after that Shostakovich can take things easier for two movements with the lively, grimacing hubbub of his natural inclination; in the fourth-movement pas-sacaglia there is again the slow pretentious straining of the first movement, but this time only briefly; and in the finale, a pastorale concerned with the more joyous times of peace ahead, he can again fall back on lively hubbub and end this time not with a brassy affirmation of triumph but with tranquil major chords of the high strings over last portentous mutterings down below—almost exactly as Strauss ended "Also sprach Zarathustra."

In addition to what works of art communicate directly there is what they convey indirectly; and in addition to what Shostakovich's music has "said" it has always conveyed to me as low-grade a mind and taste as I can recall having come into contact with through an artistic medium. In this the Eighth Symphony was like the rest; but it also gave me the impression—even at moments when it proclaimed most loudly—of that mind's utter and desperate weariness in the face of what was demanded of it. When each grandiloquent sound was being prolonged and distended in the first movement, it was as though that mind were trying in this way to de-

lay as long as possible the moment when it would have to produce the next grandiloquent sound.

For a long time I have intended to report on an excellent article in the English magazine *Horizon*, in which Gerald Abraham, writing with friendly interest, examines the succession of Shostakovich's works, describes their features of idiom, style, and form, and relates these to factors in Shostakovich and outside him. I still intend to do so; and I will also discuss some of the other contents of the book "Eight Soviet Composers" (Oxford, \$1.50) in which the article has been published with other good articles on Prokofiev, Khatchaturian, Knipper, Shebalin, Kabalevsky, Dzerzhinsky, and Shaporin, and with a general introduction on the functioning of the composer in Soviet Russia.

The people who are victimized by a book like Abraham Veinus's "The Concerto" (Doubleday, \$3.50) have asked for it, literally. They are not content to take the individual form in sound as an individual form in sound, for the effect it was intended to produce on their minds and emotions as a form in sound; they insist on taking it as a fact in history—the history of musical styles and forms, and general cultural and social history. Nor is it merely that after listening to Mozart's G minor Symphony and being affected by it as a piece of music they want the additional knowledge of its relation to other symphonies and to the culture and events of its period; it is rather that they think they must have this knowledge in order to "understand" the symphony properly—when in fact they don't need it at all; and at worst they think that they listen to the G minor only to hear its place in the history of musical forms and its relation to the culture and events of its period. One can say they think this because they have been taught to think it. For one thing they have been taught it in the courses in "history and appreciation of music," in which, sometimes for lack of the insight with which to illuminate the music itself, the "appreciation" of this or that form has been made "a study of the development of the form that correlates it with concomitant social and cultural developments." And they have been taught it by everything they have read and heard—including most recently the pronouncements of the musicologists with an interest in everything about music except the music as something to hear and be affected by, and on the other hand the talk about Shosta-

kovitch in Russia and our own little Shostakoviches here. One listens to a symphony to hear about the suffering and heroism of the Russian people, or about the bleak Kansas plains; and so one listens to Mozart's G minor to hear about eighteenth-century superficiality and artificiality.

But whatever the reasons the fact is that the public asks for books on the development of this or that musical form. On the other hand the fact is also that while it is the public which asks for them, it is Mr. Veinus who, in response to this demand, uses in "The Concerto" the technique he used in his Victor leaflets—that is, whips about two per cent of historical fact and one per cent of musical perception into a lot of glib verbiage about supposed "developments" of style and form which for the most part occurred only in his own mind, and which misrepresent not only the character and meaning of the individual pieces of music they refer to but even their style and form.

B. H. HAGGIN

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ROBERT PARKER was head of the Eastern Europe bureau of the Associated Press at the time Hitler invaded the Balkans. He will soon bring out a book called "Headquarters, Budapest."

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The Cross-Word Puzzle had to be omitted from this issue. It will appear next week as usual.